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The Walrus and the Carpenter

(Without apologies to Lewis Carroll)

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking down the Strand,
And all the little Oysters came
And followed hand in hand,
"If we but had some Guinness now,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven men with seven tongues
Talked on till all was blue,
Could they give *all* the reasons why
Guinness is good for you?"—
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
"But that it's good is true."

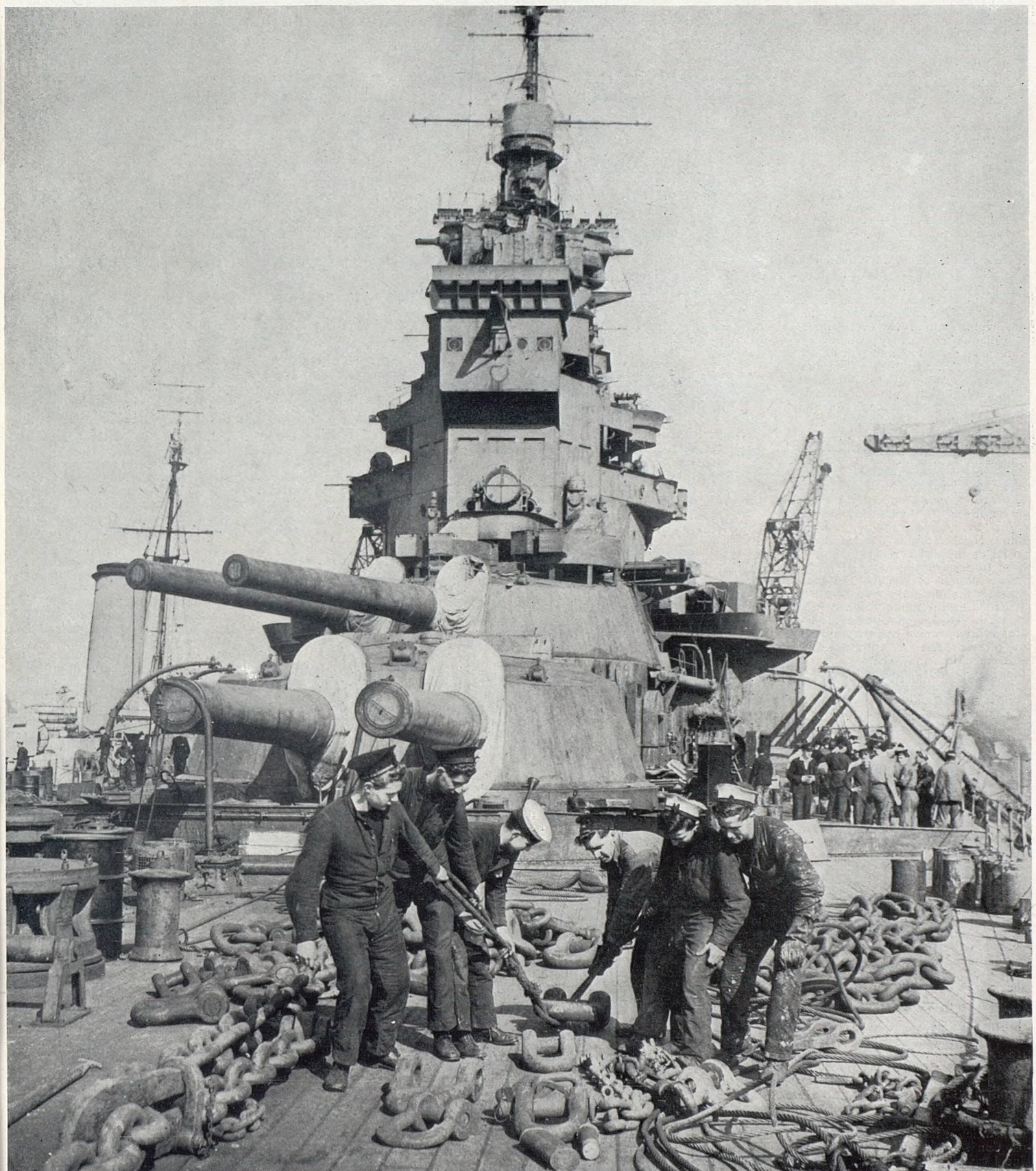
The Walrus and the Carpenter
Sat down at once to sup,
The Oysters, too, went smoothly down,
And Guinness crowned the cup—
And not a word was spoken more
Till all was finished up!

(Acknowledgements to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Guinness is good for you

Volume CXCIII No. 2513 The SPHERE, London, April 3, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" ON THE SCRAP-HEAP—RATINGS HAULING STORES ON DECK DURING THE START OF DISMANTLING OPERATIONS ON THE CELEBRATED BATTLESHIP: Following these preliminary operations at Portsmouth the former flagship will be towed to the Clyde in May and will there be broken up. "Ramillies" and "Malaya" will follow her to the shipbreaking yards

In January it was announced that many of Britain's fighting ships would be scrapped, among them the *Queen Elizabeth*, *Nelson*, *Rodney* and *Ramillies*. Already that melancholy process is under way, and the saddest of all these departures is that of *Queen Elizabeth*, once the best-known warship in the Royal Navy. For nearly the whole of her thirty-three years' service the *Queen Elizabeth* was a flagship. In 1916 she became fleet flagship of the Grand Fleet, wearing the flag of Admiral Sir David Beatty, and it was on her decks in 1918 that Sir David, as he then was, received the German naval representatives and dictated to them terms for the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet. In all, the *Queen Elizabeth* has flown the flags of sixteen Admirals. In the Second World War she saw active service both in the Mediterranean and the East Indies. Many gun tompions, crests and other fittings are being preserved as mementoes of the celebrated ship. Australia is to receive a gun tompion and a deck plate bearing the ship's name, and these will have a place of honour in one of the museums of the Commonwealth

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Russian Understanding.—

The G.O.M. of Empire and world prophet, Field-Marshal Smuts, has declared the one thing needful—the misunderstandings with Russia must be cleared up. Mr. Marshall, to-day a very considerable figure in world politics, has spoken in the same sense and with the same urgency. And, indeed, in your ears and mine the declaration appears, as theory, mere common sense and intensely timeous. Like all great ideas, it seems almost too obvious, almost trite. If the *idea* was the finished article, every one of us would be a wealthy inventor. It is fitting in the nuts and making the wheels go round practically, which turns the inventor into the rich patentee. I could conceive the idea of a Bailey Bridge, but I could not get it to work. So with the great Russian idea. In theory excellent; in practice it has for three years defeated all-comers. If you accept it, as to-day every pundit on Communism accepts it, that your Communist openly admits that his object is to destroy, by force of revolution and by every forceful expedient, Democracy wherever it still survives to-day, and that no other loyalty but loyalty to that Communist objective can or does influence a Communist, what arguments can you muster to change the hearts of Stalin and Molotov? The statesmen of Democracy have in the last three years used them all. The only remaining appeasement which occurs to me is the announcement that the British Empire and America have decided to haul down the flag of Democracy and come in on the great Communist ideal; in short, to complete Stalin's work for him. Neither Smuts nor Marshall go so far as that, and, short of that, it is hard to discover anything left undone in persuasion to remove the fog of misunderstanding between East and West. General Smuts vaguely urged that we should give assurances to Russia and receive them from Russia in return. But is not that what statesmen for three years have worn themselves out in attempting to do? Mass insanity appears to grip civilisation. Almost destroyed by two world wars, we appear to be drifting to world war: 99 per cent. of living men execrate war, and not one of them knows how, and hardly any of them have the power, if they knew, to halt the juggernaut.

And Now Trieste.—

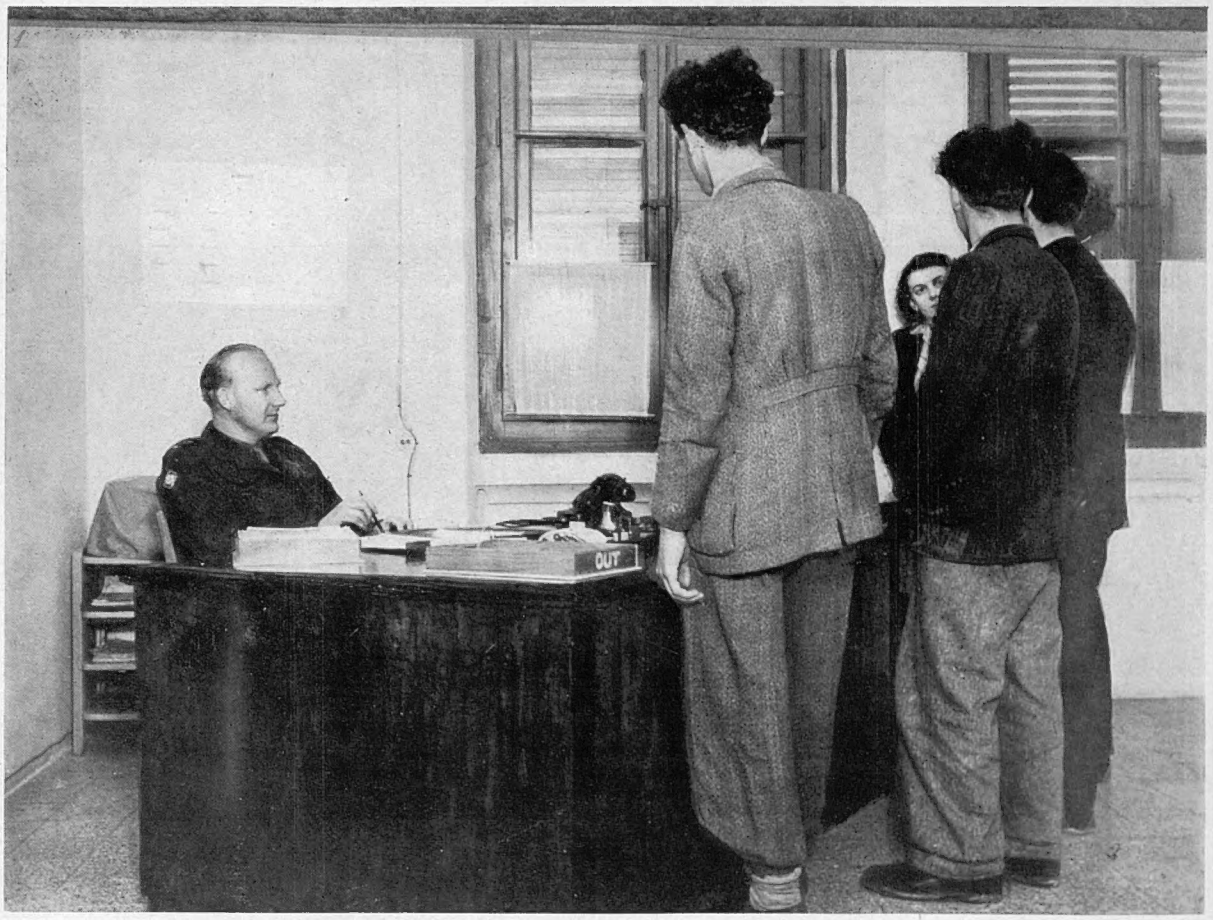
Upon my soul, Prague has produced a fabulous revolution in the west. It killed appeasement stone-dead, and has reacted to the very limit of recklessness. Yesterday the West whispered behind the fence its apprehensions concerning the Red bull. To-day it stands in midfield waving scarlet handkerchiefs before the bull's eyes. We, the blindfold millions, puzzle our heads over the transformation. *Somebody knows something*—that is certain—which we do not know. Otherwise, what statesmen in Britain, U.S. or France would hopefully propose to Russia that Yugoslavia should be kicked bag and baggage out of Trieste? Italy (on the eve of elections) will no doubt say "thank you" very gracefully, and perhaps manage to conceal her surprise. But to you and me (who live in the fog) the Russian answer seems uncertain only in the degree of insult with which it is clothed. Yugoslavia's reaction seems little less clear. You and I say (in our ignorance): have we not trouble enough (with Palestine and what not) without risking another violent explosion by striking matches in this notorious powder-magazine at the head of the Adriatic? No; this is (for one blindfold observer at least) a first-class puzzle and sensation.

Palestine — the Time is Short Indeed.—

Warren Austin, speaking for America at Lake Success on March 19 made an admission that for many very vital months American statesmen, *vis-à-vis* Palestine, had been living with their heads in the clouds or buried in the sands. On that day America withdrew her support for the Partition Plan and now recommends to the Security Council a temporary trusteeship for all Palestine, to tide over the gap between the withdrawal of the British legions and the "excellent substitute" which is not yet even conceived. The French and Chinese delegates among the Big Four concurred in the proposal. Historians one day will handle this extraordinary lapse of statesmanship roughly enough. Was it sentimentality run mad, was it criminal apathy, was it an utterly baseless belief that the British were bluffing and never meant to stick to their bag-and-baggage decision? As for that last explanation, there never was so little ground for calling our "bluff." As a nation, we still regard our word as our bond, and promise only what we mean to perform; and nothing we have promised was ever so rammed home, confirmed and reiterated as was this decision. We have never hedged and never faltered in it. We have admitted our own failure in order to ram it home. We have humiliated ourselves to make the urgency of the problem real to U.N.

Make Their Flesh Creep.

—I ventured to forecast that the debate on Civil Defence would wake some people up. I am glad if it did so. We owe a debt to Sir John Anderson. I do not pretend to know if his scientific wisecracks are sound sense, or if Commander Noble's more comforting theories are to be preferred. It doesn't seem to me to matter at all. It cannot matter how many people save their skins during the next (atomic) war. For that war will certainly eliminate the branch on which all human apes sit. No; the more blood-curdling the talk, the better. It is the squeals from the ostriches which are so important. "Here we are talking of defence in the next war before we have begun to rebuild the houses destroyed in the last." "It is appalling!" "We are all mad together." "Do you want to put the *wind up* the country?" That's the stuff! We *are* all mad together; mad, bad, tragic comedians, and only by putting the wind up the ostriches' behinds can we hope to lift their heads from the sand. *Quo vadis?* You are going to Hell, as your fathers and grandfathers before you, sheep to the slaughter. Whether you boast of your democratic freedom or acknowledge your State fetters, you have no word in the making of peace or war. You are one of a world majority of 999,999 against 1 in every million for peace, fellowship and security; and your minority (as ever) holds all the power and decides every step in the journey to destruction. "All mad together"? Well, it looks like it.



WHERE EASTERN AND WESTERN EUROPE COME FACE TO FACE—MAJOR R. BRUCE, POLICE ZONE COMMANDER IN TRIESTE, INTERROGATING ITALIANS WHO HAVE FLED FROM ISTRIA TO THE FREE CITY OF TRIESTE: These Italians, who have come across the border to avoid service in the Yugoslav Army, have now been sent to refugee centres. Under the terms of the Italian peace treaty, residents of Istria—which was ceded to Yugoslavia—were given one year to decide whether they would remain and become Yugoslav nationals or go to Italy. Escapees allege that Yugoslav red tape has prevented them from exercising this option. Although many have been conscripted into the Yugoslav Army, many, like those seen here, have fled. Trieste itself is once again in the news, and its future destiny would appear to be linked with Italy's electoral trial of strength between Eastern and Western forces

Privilege is not Dead.—

Let the old Tory take comfort. Socialisation does *not* mean the final end of the "dear old age of privilege." The capitalist need not cry: "Sweets to the sweet, farewell!" It is announced that the late entrenched railway directors (even those who did not forgo their shares of the great compensation divides voted them) will continue to travel free at our expense on our railways in any direction. A gold medallion on their watch-chain will be their open-sesame. As for the new Railway Executive, they, of course, will have the same privilege at our expense, and so "occasionally" will their wives. And what (I wonder) does "occasionally" comprise? Come, Sir Hoary Tory, don't shake your head and cry "All's lost." Privilege is not dead. There still remain pickings and sweets for those who know their way about. There are plums still to be picked from the national pudding if you know the way to the kitchen and can get in contact with the chef.

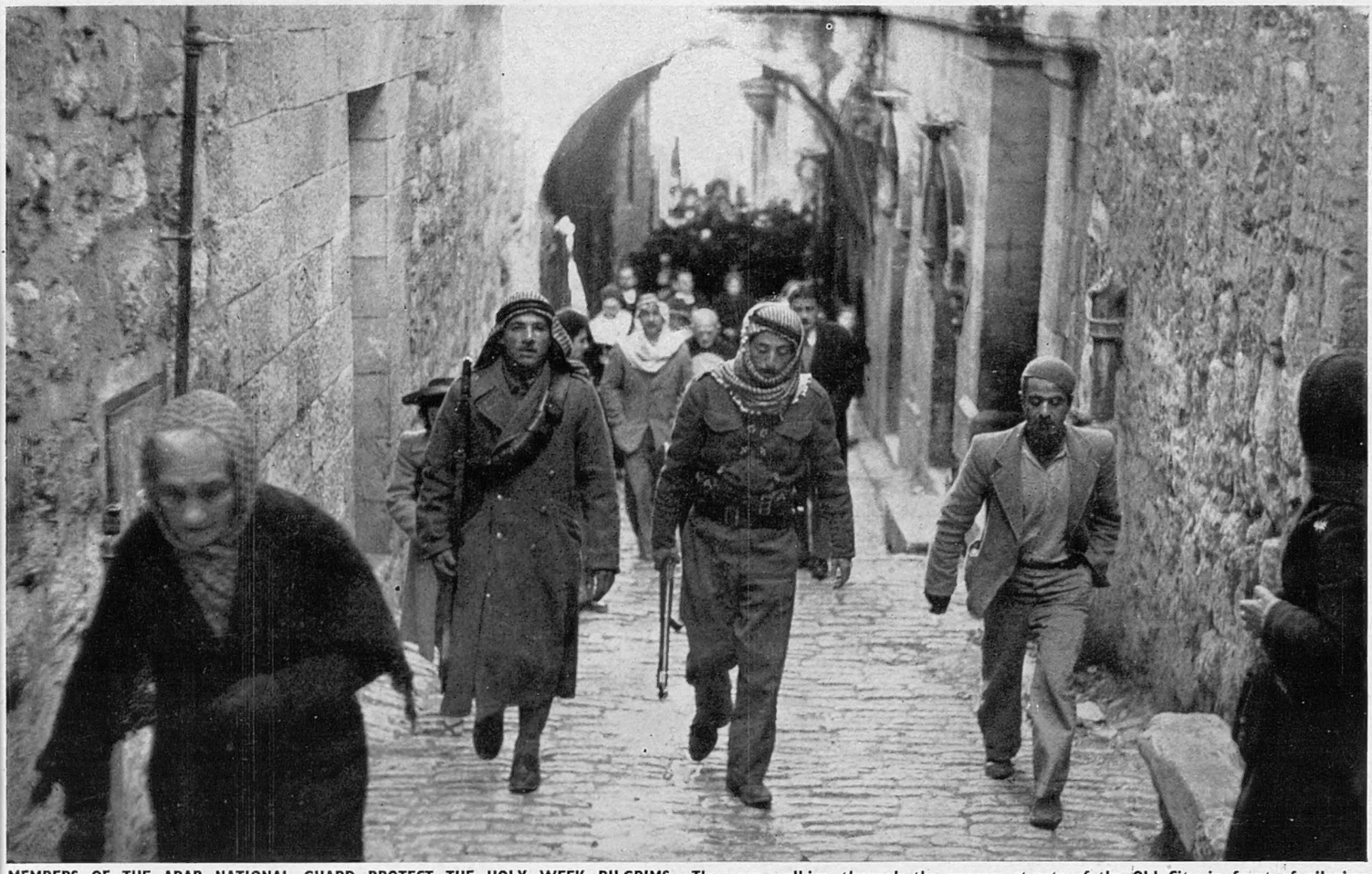
Dorchester Museum.—

For many years, since the fresh discoveries concerning Roman and pre-Roman Dorchester in the '30's, I have been intending to visit its fine museum. Last week I found myself with forty minutes to spare between trains, and I availed myself of the chance. And it was half an hour well spent. The wealth of discoveries in Dorchester, Maiden Castle and the other famous camps are beautifully arranged, and, better still, explained. For the first time I was able to comprehend how the digger works, for the first time to see the burials as they appear to the finder. What a corrective of pride this museum is. You see delicate instruments, made 2,000 years ago, as good as many which are made and used to-day. You see jewellery as fine, pottery and glass as efficient and beautiful, as the best we can turn out. You appreciate the modern comforts of a Roman villa, many of the amenities of which we seem to have lost the art of producing. And then you dart back into the Stone Age and see things made by primitive men out of flint as delicate and practical as our own steel products. Such a museum is indeed a corrective of pride and a cause of pride. It corrects the pride of the living generation and fills the living with pride of race. It was rather a shock to turn to the Thomas Hardy peep-show and to see preserved for posterity in his "work room as he left it" so many hideous objects of Victorian furniture and furnishings, when so much that is lovely and graceful from remote ages lies round it.

Princess Helena Victoria.

—Princess Helena Victoria was a prime favourite with the Royal Family. She had a great deal of the geniality and sense of fun of her grandmother, the great Queen (whose love of a good laugh has never received its due), and she was a mine of knowledge, second only to Sir Fritz Ponsonby, concerning Royal precedents, and had a fund of good stories concerning the Royal Family, which she could, and did, relate with wit and humour and with no signs at all of exhaustion or repetition. Princess Helena Victoria, who had a notable share of energy, ability and good sense, devoted herself to a number of good causes and brought practical sympathy and a fine sense of duty to bear on the undertakings which had her support.

THE OLD STAGER



MEMBERS OF THE ARAB NATIONAL GUARD PROTECT THE HOLY WEEK PILGRIMS : They are walking through the narrow streets of the Old City in front of pilgrims who were making the journey along the Fourteen Stations of the Way of the Cross. As they walked, the sound of machine-gun and rifle fire could be heard from not-far-distant houses, and an air of extreme tension had the whole city in its grip

EASTER CONTRASTS IN WAR-TORN JERUSALEM

Arab-Jew Warfare Continues During Holy Week

As Holy Week drew to a close, Jerusalem—and indeed, all Palestine—was in the midst of virtual civil war. An attempt was made to arrange an Easter truce in Jerusalem, to enable all religions to attend festivities at the Holy Places, and the Arabs, who control areas containing the Holy Sepulchre, Calvary, and the Stations of the Cross, certainly played their part in watching over the welfare of Holy Week pilgrims. The devotions of the pilgrims were interrupted almost constantly by the sound of machine-gun fire, and there were numerous explosions as Arab commandos set off charges on the fringe of the Yemen Moshe quarter, bringing down more houses in their programme of systematic destruction of Jewish property. The main battle in the Holy Land has lately been centred on the roads round Jerusalem, where the Arab commandos have made a big effort to stop Jewish convoys getting through

PRIESTS AND LAYMEN KNEEL AT THE THIRD STATION OF THE CROSS : It was here that Christ fell for the first time under the great weight of the Cross. Several members of the Old City National Arab Guard who protected the pilgrims on their journey to Mount Calvary are members of the Christian faith. The route lay along the borderline between terrain at present held by Arab and Jewish irregulars

DR. PAPANEK GIVES EVIDENCE TO PROVE THAT RUSSIA ENGINEERED THE COMMUNIST COUP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA : The ousted delegate from Czechoslovakia is seen (right) after he had been voted a hearing by 9 votes to 2 at a session of the Security Council of the United Nations at Lake Success. Dr. Papanek, who had only recently been dismissed by the new Prague regime, declared : " Czechoslovakia's historical tradition cannot change overnight. The fact that such a change occurred is not due to a change in the spirit of the people but to the violence of a Communist minority." On the left of the front row is the Soviet delegate, Andrei Gromyko, who referred to Dr. Papanek's speech as " absurd generalities requiring no reply "

The CZECH COUP and PALESTINE PARTITION

Under Review at Lake Success

The United Nations is a much-harassed institution, but it certainly plays a part in giving smaller nations a chance to speak. Chile's charges against Russia over the Czech coup led, for instance, to the decision to hear Dr. Papanek, the Czech delegate who had been recalled by the Prague Government. The ousted delegate certainly made the most of his opportunity. He made it quite plain that Russian pressure in July last year obliged the Czech Cabinet to reverse its decision to support the Marshall Plan, and that Dr. Benes had been submitted to considerable Soviet pressure since 1945.

Another example of a small nation gaining a big hearing was when the Lebanese Minister called upon America to drop support of Palestinian partition. His words bore immediate fruit, but they have engendered a degree of bitterness among the Jews that America may not be allowed to forget for many a day.

CAMMILLE CHAMOUN ASKS THE UNITED STATES TO DROP SUPPORT OF THE PALESTINE PARTITION PLAN : The Lebanese Minister of the Interior is seen (left) as he made a direct appeal to America before the Security Council of the United Nations. Seated on his left hand are Mahmoud Bey Fawzi (Egypt), Sir Alexander Cadogan (United Kingdom), and Mr. Warren Austin (United States). When America announced her decision to withdraw support, the Jewish Agency declared it would go ahead with the formation of a Jewish State, regardless of the attitude of the United States

THE KHASI DANCERS FROM THE JAINTIA HILLS PERFORM BEFORE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA : Gorgeously-clad tribal dancers taking part in the special celebrations at Shillong to mark the visit of Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, and Lady Mountbatten. The tribesmen flocked to Shillong from districts as far away as the Naga Hills, among them not a few who had served with the Allied forces when Earl Mountbatten was Supreme Commander in South-East Asia. One party was actually fourteen days on the march to reach Shillong in time for the celebrations. The Jaintia Hills lie just to the east of Shillong

THE SHERDUKEN DANCERS FROM THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS : This is known as the dance of the Yak, but it is very much like any Christmas pantomime act on the English stage. Two men move inside the cloth figure, and a doll goddess sits astride the Yak. Meanwhile, the masked dancers prance round in time to the music

THE MOUNTBATTENS WITH THE TRIBAL DANCERS OF ASSAM

GREETING THE NAGA TRIBESWOMEN : Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, and Lady Mountbatten receiving a party of dancers

On left — THE NAGAS WERE THE HIT OF THE SHOW : Here they are reaching the climax of their famous war-dance. A tribesman is seen coming up to behead his defeated rival, while the other warriors chant in triumph. The dance took place on the lawns in front of Government House, Shillong, and the Nagas were so popular that they had to give five separate performances

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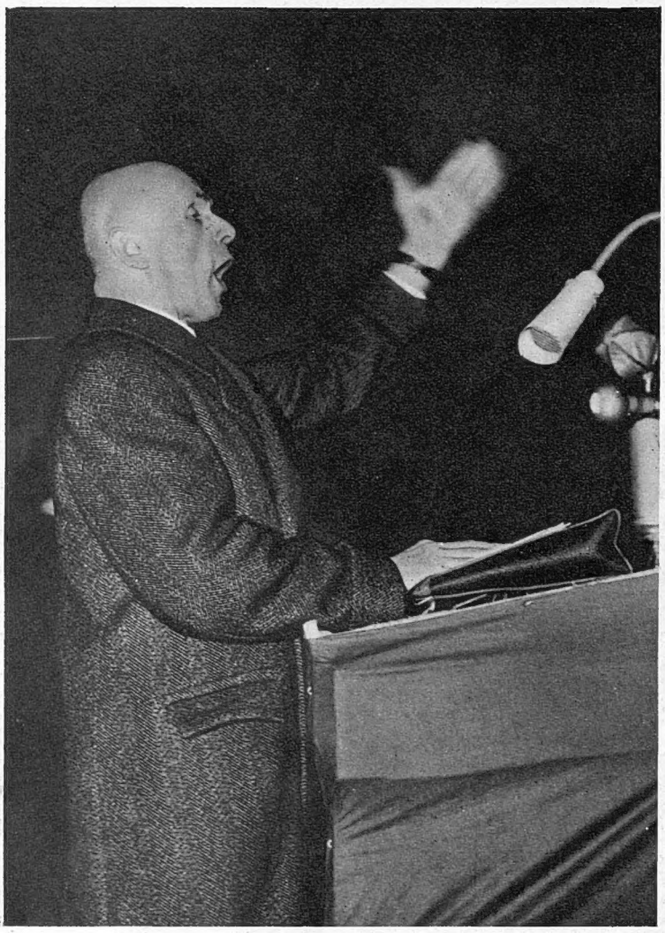
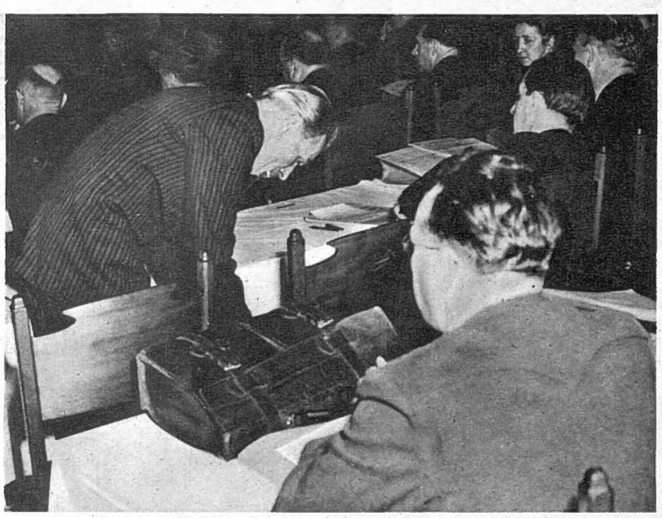


"PRAGUE WAS THE LAST WARNING TO THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD": With these words, Herr Jakob Kaiser, ousted leader of the Christian Democratic Union in the Soviet sector of Berlin, addressed his anti-Communist supporters in the British sector when he came before them on the centenary of the 1848 revolution in Prussia

ON THE CENTENARY OF THE 1848 REVOLUTION ANTI-COMMUNISTS RALLY IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF BERLIN, SEPARATED ONLY BY THE BRANDENBURG GATE FROM A RIVAL DEMONSTRATION BY THE COMMUNISTS IN THE SOVIET ZONE: Followers of the Social Democrats, the Christian Democrats and the Liberal Democrats, the three parties which have united for the first time to defy Communism in Germany, seen as they gathered in the rain outside the former Reichstag to hear Jakob Kaiser deliver a warning against the Soviet-sponsored totalitarian regime already developing in East Germany. Meanwhile, their Communist rivals were holding their own demonstration. Both demonstrations ostensibly commemorated the 1848 revolution

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

Communists and Anti-Communists Clash Throughout Europe



IN FRANKFURT A COMMUNIST PACKS HIS BRIEF-CASE: Max Reimann (wearing striped suit) bending over to gather together his documents after being suspended by fellow-members from Western Germany's Bi-Zonal Council. His departure from the Council symbolises the deep cleavage now existing in Western Germany

HERR NUSCHKE DELIVERS A KEYNOTE ADDRESS IN BERLIN'S SOVIET SECTOR: One of th three chairmen of the People's Council addressing the "German People's Congres for Unity." Herr Nuschke belongs to the Christian Democratic Union. Seated on hi right hand is his fellow-chairman, Herr Pieck, of the Socialist Unity Party. Thi People's Council has the full backing of the Soviet authorities, and in the words o Herr Ulbricht, of the Socialist Unity Party, they anticipate the time when th working class from the Ruhr to Berlin will take its directions from the Counci

VLADO CLEMENTIS SUCCEEDS MASARYK AS FOREIGN MINISTER: The forty-five-year-old former State Secretary who takes over this key post in the Czechoslovak Cabinet

MARSHAL VOROSHILOV PAYS A VISIT TO BUDAPEST: The Marshal is signing the visitors' book at the Presidential Palace before calling on President Tildy, of the Hungarian Republic

THE MOVING SPIRIT AMONG FINLAND'S COMMUNISTS: Mrs. Hertt Kuusinen dining with Mr. Abramov, the Russian Minister, before the latter's departure from Helsinki. Mrs. Kuusinen ha been keenly active of late in replying to the anti-pact campaig

THE MONROE DOCTRINE VERY MUCH IN REVERSE—AMERICAN TANKS BEING SWUNG ABOARD THE TURKISH FREIGHTER "YAZGAT" AT ERIE BASIN, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: This military equipment is being supplied to Turkey under the terms of the Greco-Turkish Aid Bill, which was introduced into the American Congress last year and is bringing Turkey alone £20,000,000 mainly in military supplies. Turkey is receiving ten ships under this programme, including the passenger-liner "Monterey," of 5,200 tons, and the passenger-cargo motor-ships "Aconcagua," "Copiapo" and "Imperial," all of between 5,000 and 6,000 tons. Four American fleet-type submarines are also included. They are modern vessels, and are each armed with ten torpedo-tubes. When this aid programme was passed last year, Mr. Marshall emphasised its urgency, as there were already signs that Turkey was being subjected to a powerful "war of nerves"

A DEMONSTRATION IN THE MAIN SQUARE OF HELSINKI: This big crowd assembled in the Finnish capital to hear Professor Ernest Hentunen, a minor Finnish political figure, protesting against the compliance of President Paasikivi with the Soviet demand for a Treaty of Friendship. When the meeting developed into a riot, with Communists and anti-Communists coming to blows, Hentunen was hustled into a police car and taken from the scene of action

ITALIAN WOMEN SUPPORT THE COMMUNISTS AND THEIR FELLOW-TRAVELLERS: Some of the 30,000 women who gathered in the Foro Italico, Rome, during a demonstration in favour of Signor Togliatti's Communists and the Left Wing Socialists of Signor Nenni. The election campaign had been going well for the Left bloc until last week, when news of the Trieste recommendations gave new hope for de Gasperi and his Right Wing followers

JERSEY BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

The Jewel of the Channel Awaits the Summer Invasion

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT one time during the Occupation there were 22,000 German Wehrmacht and foreign labour-slaves in Jersey, equal to more than one in two of the then population, which had been reduced to 40,000 by some 10,000 departures to England.

To-day "The Jewel of the Channel" awaits a different form of invasion, unafeared yet not without misgivings. I am among the first of the far from few—250,000, to be precise—who are expected to invade from Britain this summer, bursting with holiday escapism from the drab land where life is earnest, and all set to overlay this tiny island, 11 miles by 5, in July and August.

Just now there is a "before-the-bombardment" lull, and I congratulate myself on good timing, for it will end with a shattering roar on April 29, when an international road race is to be held. Entrants will mop up petrol on a toy, hairpin course spun out to 176 miles, and none will ask what the heck for at a time when the motoring rule of the road in Jersey is "Special" and "Business Only."

Those Jerseyites who are fondest of their startlingly good-looking isle (not the interior, except St. Martin's parish, nor the only town, St. Helier, but the bays, the sands, the cliffs, the headlands, the rocks, the coves, the castle ruins washed at high tide) . . . reflective residents watch the Island's feudal fragrance fast receding before the onrush of Progress and holidays-with-pay, and they are sad at heart at the goodbye-for-ever, because they know they can do nothing about things, when money bawls.

These Jerseyites and Jersiais foresee this final physical link with Old Normandy resembling a "Hi-de-ho" Blackpool inside of a very few years—and, for the time being and on the side-lines, a "playground for the deserter, the trickster, the work-dodger evading direction in Britain, and the crook attracted by easy money" (Jurat Hind).

The genus spiv was in evidence on the boat coming over, the flash clothing, lone attaché-case, and "Ronald Colman"—and he probably uses the air service more, since it suits the quick-come, quick-go brigade. Yesterday sixty passengers flew in, and eighty out, some of the former no doubt engaged in property speculation, if not in fixing spirit smuggling from France to little bays or coves such as Ouaine, Beau Port, Fliquet, Saie, Plemont and Portelet.

Yet I don't want to give you a picture of Jersey as an incipient gangster paradise, as one or two of our newspapers appear to hint on the strength of the Lady Trent burglary and Scotland Yard's identification of fourteen from the Rogues' Gallery among the Island's recent settlers. *Actually*, last week Jersey was crime-free, and it may well be that some of the ex-Rogues now do no more than indulge the exchange at sea of tyres for cognac, which is less unhealthy for society than the capers they get up to in London, West Central.

Yet the speculation is a serious business. It stinks of black market money, and up to £20,000 in pound-notes has been handed over to clinch a quick resale. Just one example: a private hotel sold a year ago for £15,000, resold for £20,000, sold again the other day for £30,000. Now it is hoped to stem the racket by certain restrictive innovations, including the "desirability" of purchasers.

The nature of the new population, both fixed and transient, has provoked a discussion as to the relative places of Agriculture and Tourism in the Island's economy. The first brought in £3,200,000 last year, and the second a profit of, perhaps, £2,000,000, after £3,000,000 outlay is allowed for, for purchasing from England all the accommodation adjuncts, food, drink, shopping stock, gifts and pleasures that the tourists devoured.

"The farmers are those that lay the golden eggs," keynoted Jurat Edwards.

"Shucks, man!" volleyed a Letter to the Editor. "Don't you realise that we tourists are the best advertisers of your produce when we go home? We not only buy it ourselves but cause others to ask for it."

I must say I incline to Agriculture, if only for the lovely big brown eyes of the deer-like little Jersey cows, the only cows I know with sex appeal, and so bright and friendly.

The local finding in the matter is obvious. "Agriculture and Tourism don't interfere with one another and we're going to boost both as the overwhelming sources of our wealth."

They certainly are that. Within 150 miles of Cripps's "Battle of the Gap," is very English Jersey with a revenue 66 per cent. above expectations, a net surplus of £625,000 on an estimated revenue of £1,190,000. Jerseyites are already debating what they should do with this manifestation of their boom years. A refund to the population of so much a head? The idea! A reduction of the Occupation Loan, which swelled the Island's debt to £3,640,000? A reduction in Income Tax allowance?

Here's an unsolicited suggestion to the States: Jersey folk are not happy about the reactions of British visitors to the seeming plenty of their Island. Personally, I should not worry too much. Some of the visitors are pretty crude specimens. I even had bartenders sighing for "the nice folk of pre-war days instead of these savages, mobbing and shouting for drinks . . . and their language!"

The position is that these loud-mouthed representatives of our new masters, and others, "turn the green eye of envy on us, and it hurts. They don't realise how we were looted, even if Britain did do us proud with supplies after the Liberation; nor that Jersey people find food expensive, if it is more plentiful, compared with the Mainland. And why shouldn't we have things in the shops, which the Mainlanders lack, if we are treated as a country to which Britain exports?"

Quite so, but there is this. After Income Tax (£863,000), far and away the biggest sources of revenue were tobacco (£360,000) and wine and spirits (£176,000). Both of these were bought overwhelmingly by British visitors. The display of cigarettes at 1s. 4d. for twenty is an affair to goggle at, the finest gin at 16s. 6d. a bottle, only less so. Very high profits are being made all round—on the sale of drinks in bars, over 100 per cent. Fishermen ask 3s. 6d. lb. for lobsters. Prices in the shop-windows hardly differ from England, though there is no Purchase Tax.

I suggest, therefore, that a good way to lessen the green in the visiting eye would be to make a token payment, say, of one-tenth of the Budget surplus, or £60,000. This should still be possible after the recent "joyous Budget's" tax alleviations and debt repayment have been allowed for.

Meanwhile, Jersey has another battle on her hands—"The Battle of the Beetle." While her tomatoes are growing great guns, her new potatoes are under a cloud, and of course it's the Colorado introduced from France. So strategy and tactics have been promulgated. A strip of coast stretching from Caen to St. Malo has been put under an intensive spraying barrage, thanks to co-operation of the French with their Norman ancestors. Jersey herself has been divided into six spraying districts, and the time-table says that all crops will have been covered with chemicals by the end of May—when out comes the beetle. Every three weeks, while the crops are growing, the assault will be repeated by 220 imported European Volunteer Workers operating under forty £5-a-week Beetle Inspectors. Incidentally, if foreign workers are good enough to rid the Island of its worst enemy, it seems rather unfair to inveigh against foreign waiters "of a Latin type."

Here enter politics. The Union has been over from the Mainland and presses the employment of British waiters, who ask more, make various conditions, and are less efficient—for the simple reason that they were never born to be waiters.

Further politics emerge in the Reform Bill, which has done away with some of the age-old powers of the Jurats, who administered the laws they themselves framed. With Governor-General Sir Edward Grasett seated beside the Bailiff in the States Parliament, and under the banner of Normandy, farewell was said with some emotion to almost the last of feudalism under the Crown.

Yet democratisation has not gone as far as the British Labour Party wants, and perhaps this, from an old man, represents a fair rendering of the general attitude: "You are one of those Democrats—the people who talk about freedom and liberty and all that and take darned good care that we don't get any!"

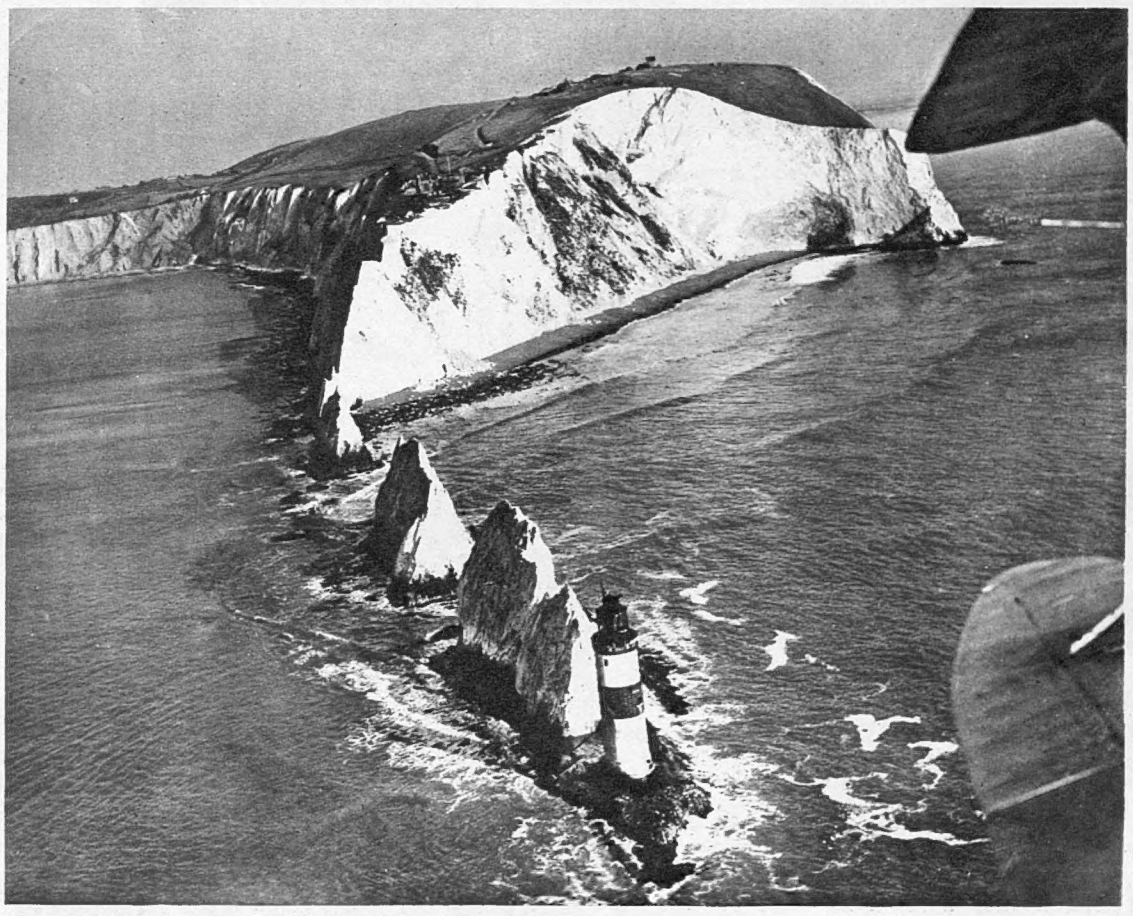
Jersey is definitely not politically-minded in the Mainland sense. If proof were needed, only sixty local members of the Labour Party's 3,000 membership turned up at the annual meeting.

Not even did the seduction of Lord Montgomery make headway when he recommended a Federation of the Channel Islands on the ground of strength in team-work. "Monty" was staying with Lieut.-General Grasett, an old friend who is of Canadian origin, popular and a "mixer," and whose preceding job had been as head of Civil Affairs under Eisenhower.

However, there is a healthy spirit of rivalry between the units of this Channel Group. On the boat with me were Guernsey footballers who exuded it. And recently Alderney sent a flying delegation to London to protest against alleged Guernsey sharp practice. Now Sark has stolen a march on the rest by getting under way with the first Channel Islands film. *The Battle of Jersey* has been accepted by Hollywood, but that's as far as Jersey has got.

I mean the 1791 battle, not any recent unpleasantness. There are many reminders of the latter round the Island in the form of ex-battery positions, former strong-points and dug-outs. Also, one can detect a faint lingering of that desire not to be thought the less of for having been occupied which is common to all who came under the Germans.

Jerseyites did not like being reminded of their collaborationists when it leaked out that Martin Kroetke, quartermaster in charge of German stores during the Occupation, had spent a week with friends on the Island. The fellow is now a released worker on the land in England, but the States were angry, none the less.



THE NEEDLES BATHED IN SPRING SUNSHINE — AN AERIAL VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWARDS THE CELEBRATED HIGH DOWN SO BELOVED OF THE POET TENNYSON: On the left is Alum Bay, with its parti-coloured cliffs in which twelve distinct tints have been counted. Tennyson's home at Farringford lies near Freshwater Bay, the first bay along the south coast of the Island

GROWING PAINS ON THE GOLD COAST

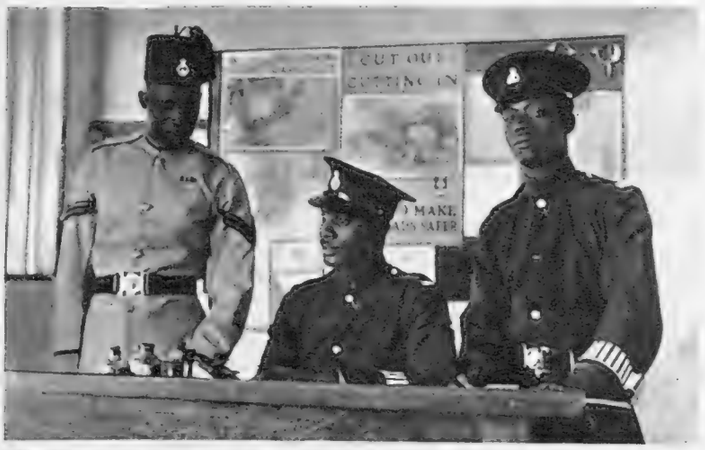
Life in Accra and Kumasi, Scene of Recent Rioting

The Gold Coast is suffering from growing pains and also its share of post-war *malaise*. Few British colonies in Africa have gone ahead so rapidly as has this. In 1946, indeed, the Gold Coast became the first colony in Africa to be granted an unofficial majority of native members in its legislature. There are Africans on the Gold Coast, however, who think that all this does not go anywhere near far enough. Some of them seek a large measure of home rule or even complete independence. The United Gold Coast Convention is a political and social organisation pledged to this ideal, and it was the Convention that was clearly responsible for the recent riots in Kumasi when the police had to open fire several times on the rioters. The pictures on this page were taken both in Kumasi, capital of the rich Ashanti Province, and in Accra, the seat of the colonial administration, which has a population of 74,000. Both are modern cities, and in some ways they have grown too fast; it is a big stride from the kraal to these great centres of population.

IN ASHANTI'S MODERN CAPITAL: A view of the business section of Kumasi, capital of the vast province which lies to the north of the Gold Coast colony and forms part of the colony's fast-developing hinterland. Kumasi has now a population of over 44,000, with broad, well-lit streets and many amenities. Lately it has been the scene of grave disturbances connected with the arrest of six members of the United Gold Coast Convention, a Nationalist political party which is said to have played a large part in inciting the ex-Servicemen's "cost-of-living" riots which took place between February 28 and March 1

ON THE GOLD COAST, AFRICANS NOW CARE FOR AFRICANS IN MODERN HOSPITALS: A native doctor and sister on duty in one of the wards. Nowadays the great majority of the staff are Africans, including nurses, dispensers and surgeons

AT ACCRA TELEPHONE EXCHANGE: Men and women operators on duty at the central switchboard. They are said to be most efficient, with wrong numbers few and far between. Nowadays there is no shortage of recruits for this kind of work



THE GOLD COAST HAS A WELL-DRILLED NATIVE POLICE FORCE: The police in blue (centre and on right) are literate. The man in khaki with two stripes (on left) cannot read or write, but his military training has given him a first-class idea of the meaning of discipline

A KUMASI SHOPKEEPER DISPLAYS HER WARES: She sells tinned foods, patent medicines, cigarettes, books, soap, and bottles of beer. Her shop fronts directly on the sidewalk and there is no plate-glass window

"AMBUSH" RETURNS FROM HER ARCTIC ADVENTURE

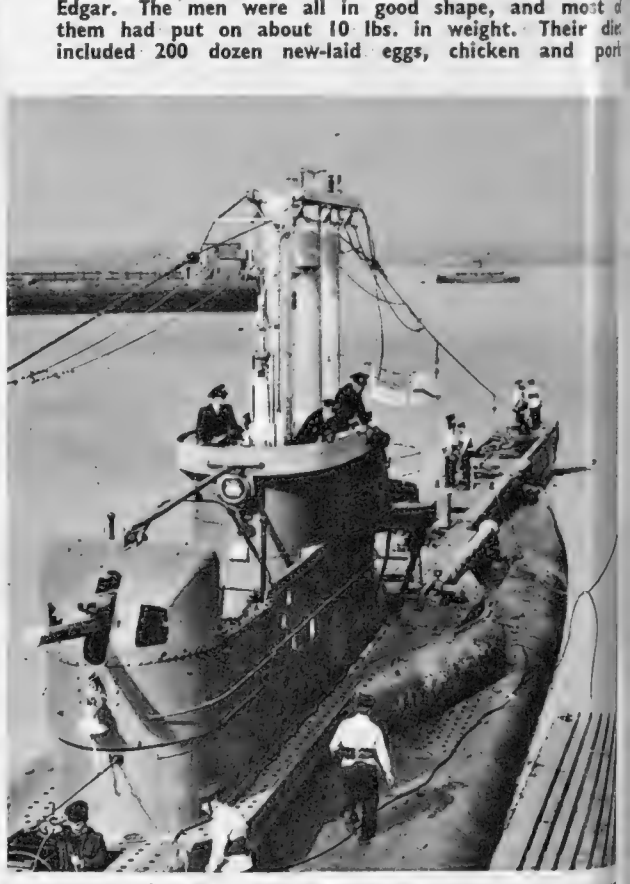
The "Snort"-Equipped Submarine Endures a Buffeting in Polar Seas

JOURNEY'S END FOR H.M.S. "AMBUSH"—THE 1,120-TON "A"-CLASS SUBMARINE TYING UP ALONGSIDE PORT EDGAR, SOUTH QUEENSFERRY, IN THE FORTH, AFTER HER RETURN FROM ENDURANCE TRIALS IN ARCTIC WATERS: The "Ambush" is a sister-ship of the "Alliance," which at the turn of the year carried out under-water tests in tropic conditions off Sierra Leone. Both submarines are equipped with the Snort, which enables them to use main Diesels under water. On her mission "Ambush" had a crew of six officers and fifty-five men

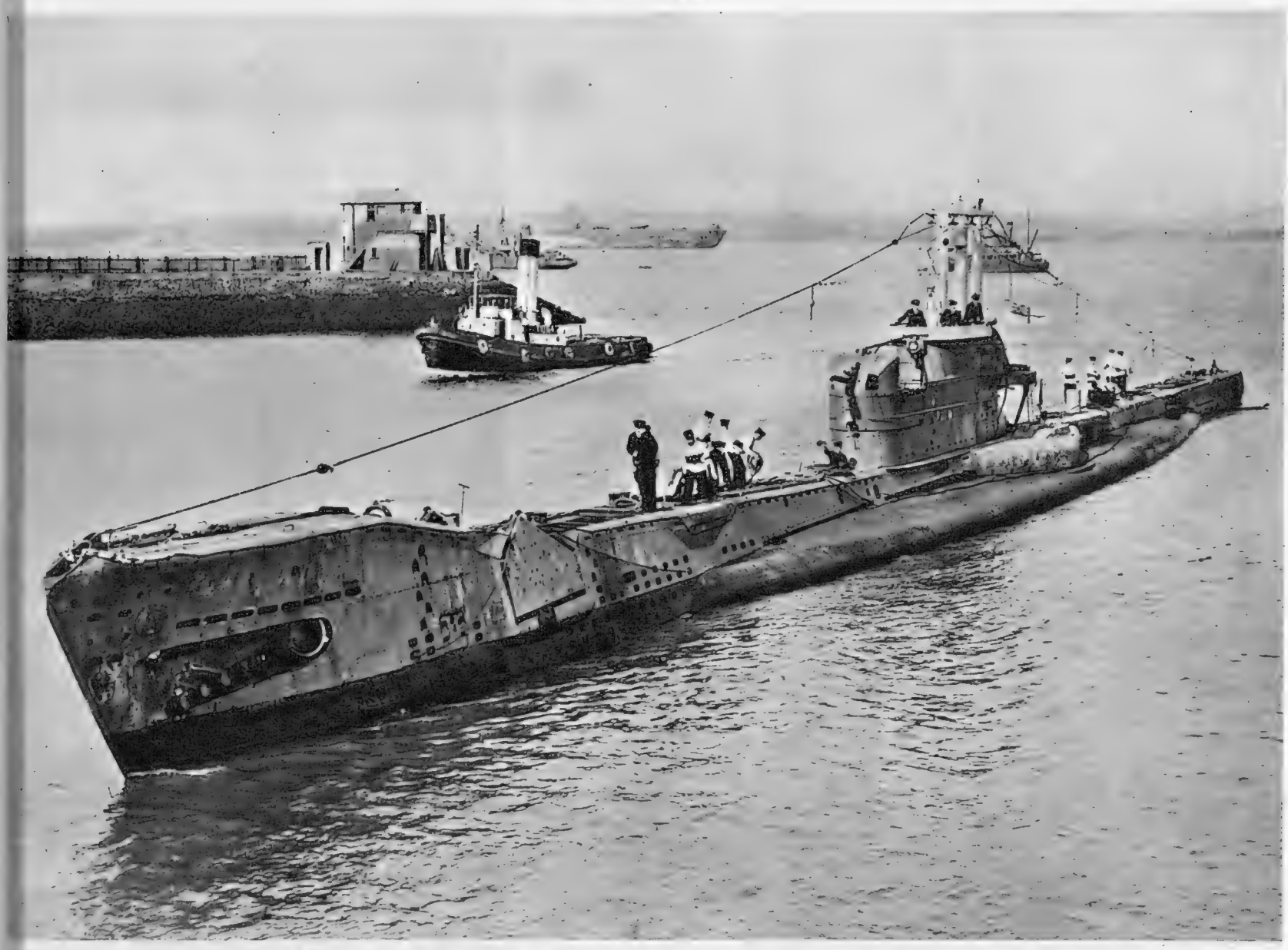
THE "AMBUSH" PASSES UP THE FIRTH OF FORTH: The submarine seen after going beneath the great bridge on her journey up to Port Edgar following her Arctic cruise. During her voyage in the Far North the "Ambush" encountered mountainous seas in the course of a hurricane which lasted three days. During the storm the crew had to lash themselves in their bunks

LIEUTENANT DAVIES AND HIS CREW GREETED AT PORT EDGAR: The skipper of the "Ambush" is seen shaking hands with Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, Flag Officer Commanding Rosyth, on the return of the "A"-class submarine from the Arctic. Drawn up behind them are other officers of "Ambush," who were also greeted by the Admiral after their five weeks at sea

A FIRST GLANCE AT THE WORLD NEWS: Members of the crew of "Ambush" reading the papers on arrival at Port Edgar. The men were all in good shape, and most of them had put on about 10 lbs. in weight. Their diet included 200 dozen new-laid eggs, chicken and port



BEARING EVIDENCE OF THE BUFFETING SHE RECEIVED IN THE ARCTIC ICE-FIELDS: A close-up of the conning-tower of the "Ambush" on her arrival back in Scotland. Her paintwork was heavily scaled away in places. On the right of the conning-tower is the Snort device in its lowered position. On submerging, this is raised to allow of the submarine breathing while using her main Diesels

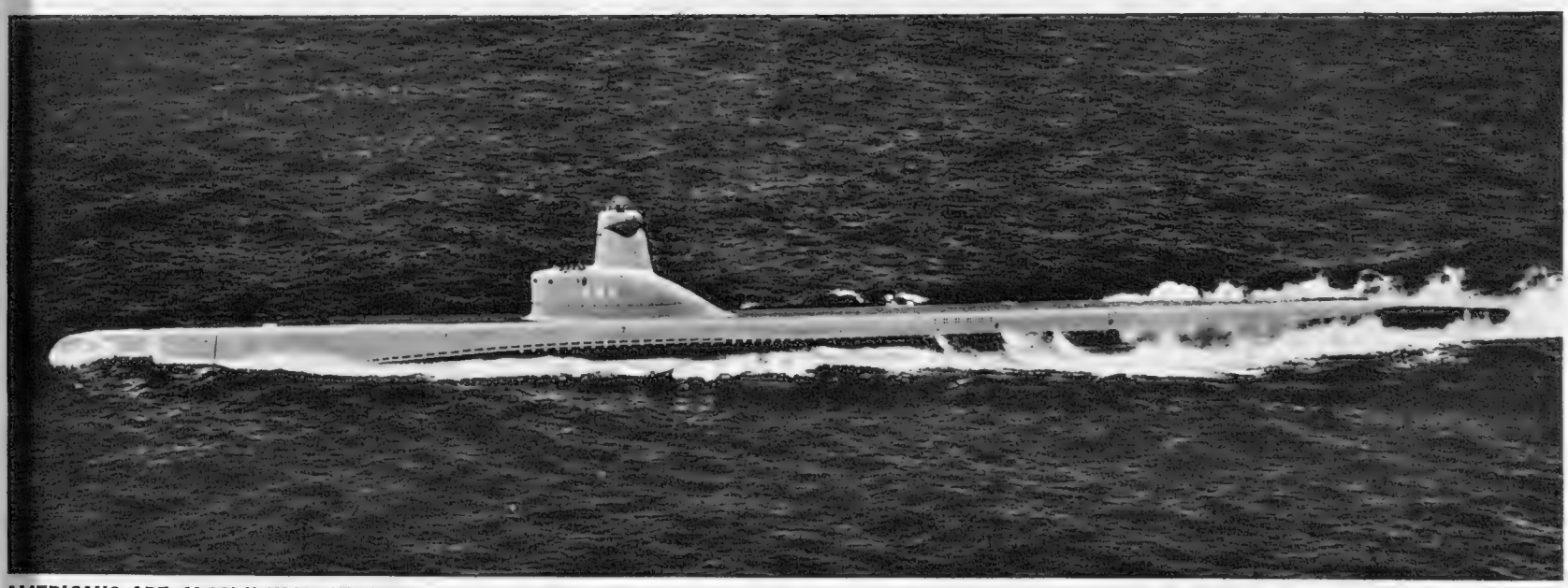


GLIDING ALONG THE PLACID WATERS OF THE FORTH—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "AMBUSH" AT THE END OF HER LONG JOURNEY: Lieutenant Davies, the skipper, is in the centre of the group standing in the conning-tower. Ratings on deck are preparing to make fast on docking at Port Edgar

On February 10 H.M.S. *Ambush* left Rothesay on her cruise to the Arctic, and after a five-weeks patrol she returned to the Firth of Forth in the week before Easter. During most of that time she remained submerged, using the Snort device. She was thus able to travel beneath the surface at periscope depth. The Snort, which is a British adaptation of the German Schnorkel, enables air to be indrawn for the Diesel engines, and also enables the engines' exhausts to be expelled to the atmosphere. At the same time it draws in air for the crew, and the submarine can thus remain under the surface, theoretically, until her food and fuel supplies give out. The Arctic cruise was complementary to that undertaken by *Ambush's* sister-ship *Alliance*, which visited the tropics at the turn of the year. From the knowledge gained on these tests the reactions of the crew to prolonged periods of "Snorting" will be assessed. The same medical officer, Lieut.-Commander Davidson, accompanied both submarines. Early in the patrol a main engine defect caused an interruption, and the *Ambush* proceeded into the Faroes, where the crew were welcomed by the Danes. This mishap, the captain told a Press conference at South Queensferry, caused some lowering of the crew's morale, but the fact that the submarine's staff were themselves able to carry out the necessary repairs in twenty-four hours raised the morale right up again. "The entire ship's company," said Lieutenant Davies, "were all that I could have wished for.

"We saw ice, and were amongst it for two periods. Once we surfaced in brash ice—broken ice covering the whole surface of the sea—but we were never under the pack-ice." Neither the officers nor the crew found conditions very cold below the surface, and although warm clothing, such as flying suits, was worn, a certain amount of the equipment taken was never used. One member of the crew got frost-bite, on an occasion when they were surfaced, by going on to the bridge without gloves. The submarine's worst experience was a hurricane which lasted for three days. The weather was so bad that she was forced to come to the surface, it being impossible in such conditions to use the Snort. In his written report the captain's comment was that "the seas were tremendous and terrifying." It was the worst weather he had ever experienced, he told the Press conference, in eleven years' service. Much crockery on board was smashed, and conditions were extremely uncomfortable. Even at periscope-depth they were rolling 15 degrees to each side of the vertical.

To compensate for a voyage which, it was known, would be both hazardous and highly uncomfortable, the menu was made as attractive as possible. Before the boat sailed, 200 dozen new-laid eggs (among sixty-one men), 400 lbs. of fresh chicken, pork, steak, liver and kidneys were put on board. The feeding was extremely good, and the crew put on weight. The crew passed their off-duty hours with reading and with various games, such as cribbage, crafts such as model-making, and cinema shows in the torpedo stowage compartment.



AMERICANS ARE ALSO "SNORTING"—THE U.S. SUBMARINE "POMODON" (SINCE NICKNAMED "THE DURANTE," FOR OBVIOUS REASONS) ABOUT TO TRIAL-DIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY AFTER UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS AT MARE ISLAND NAVAL YARD: The vessel is fitted with an American adaptation of the German Schnorkel device, and her hull has been streamlined to increase the submerged speed. The United States is equipping eighty submarines with the breathing device

EVIDENCE OF GERMAN THOROUGHNESS IN BLOCKING THE CORINTH CANAL: Lorries engaged in clearing operations on the spot where tens of thousands of tons of rubble caved in on the junk which the Germans employed to prevent the Allies using the canal following the German retreat. American engineers have been hard at work for two years past clearing this vital commercial link lying between the port of Athens and the Ionian coast

A BULLDOZER AT WORK ON THE CORINTH CANAL BLOCK: Slowly but surely the million cubic yards of soil which caved into the waterway on top of the junk left there by the Germans is being removed. It will be several months yet, however, before the canal is open to shipping. The canal, 81 ft. wide, runs straight across the 4-mile-wide isthmus of Corinth. To block it the Germans destroyed the bridges and ran 200 railway wagons and half-a-dozen locomotives in at one point. Most of these got mixed up with the tangled steelwork of a wrecked bridge, and over and above it all came a mighty layer of soil. The American engineers would like to finish the clearance job by August 1, but it is doubtful if they will succeed

THE CASE OF MADAME IRENE JOLIOT-CURIE: The daughter of Madame Eva Curie, discoverer of radium, seen after her release from detention in New York. She was detained by the immigration authorities on her arrival from France and sent to Ellis Island. Madame Curie was released on her own recognisance by direction of Mr. Tom Clark, the United States Attorney-General. She is to remain free for fifteen days—exactly the time allowed her by her visitor's visa. Madame Curie declares she is not a Communist

PRINCE AHMED IN THE YEMENESE CAPITAL: The son of the assassinated King of the Yemen was reported last week to have defeated Abdulla al Wazir, the pretender to the throne, and to have seized power. It was stated that he had made an official entry into Sana and that Abdulla al Wazir and his followers were captives. Arab League delegates who had reached Jedda from Cairo and were intending to mediate in the civil war in the Yemen turned back when they heard that Prince Ahmed had secured the throne

A Foreign News Survey

FROM EUROPE, AMERICA AND THE MIDDLE EAST

THE EMPRESS OF PERSIA PAYS A VISIT TO HER NATIVE LAND: The Empress Fawzia, daughter of the late King Fuad of Egypt and sister of King Farouk, being greeted at Port Said on arrival in Egypt. While in Port Said the Empress presided at the opening of the Dispensary for the Poor inaugurated by the Mohamed Ali Benevolent Society. She also laid a hospital foundation-stone

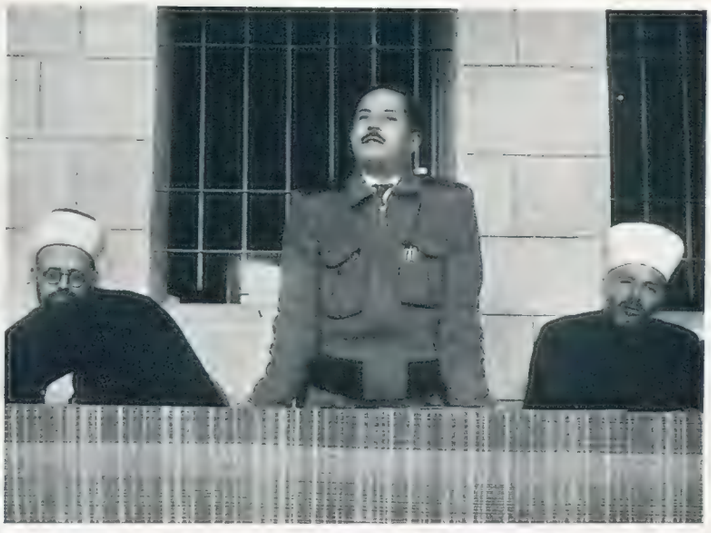
EX-KING HUMBERT OF ITALY IN SPAIN: The last ruler of the House of Savoy strolling along the Promenade du Prado during a recent stay in Madrid. Ex-King Humbert and ex-Queen Marie Jose have lived in exile in Portugal since the close of their brief reign. During the present election campaign in Italy the ex-King's supporters have been fairly active, particularly in the Naples district

THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN PREMIERS PLEDGE THEIR SUPPORT TO THE WEST: Mr. Einar Gerhardsen, of Norway; Mr. Hans Hedtoft, of Denmark; and Mr. Tage Erlander, of Sweden, at the Social Democratic Rally in Stockholm at which they promised their co-operation in the Marshall Plan. They issued a joint resolution declaring that their countries had decided to "choose freedom and democracy rather than no freedom and dictatorship." Mr. Hedtoft said: "There are two main tendencies in Western Europe to-day. On one side, the forces which are working for stability and social equilibrium by co-operation and reconstruction. On the other side, the Communists, who are using all their power to increase social unrest"

A LEG-UP FOR ITALY—PRESIDENT TRUMAN SIGNS AN EXECUTIVE ORDER PROVIDING FOR THE TRANSFER OF TWENTY-NINE PASSENGER AND CARGO VESSELS TO THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT : Watching the President sign the document are, left to right—Secretary of State Marshall ; Admiral Louis Denfield (Chief of Naval Operations) ; Attorney-General Clark ; Signor Farchiani, the Italian Ambassador to Washington ; and Vice-Admiral William Smith, of the United States Maritime Commission. Fourteen of the vessels which are being transferred under this order were formerly Italian and were seized by the United States at the outbreak of war

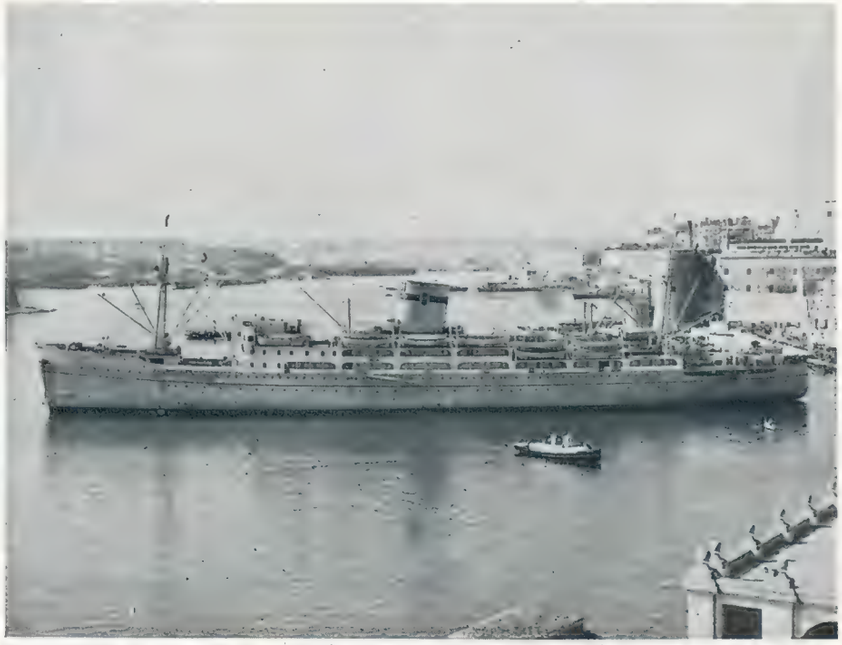
AN INTERNATIONAL WHEAT AGREEMENT SIGNED IN WASHINGTON : Left to right in front are U.S. Under-Secretary for Agriculture, N. E. Dodd ; Sir Herbert Broadley (U.K.) ; L. A. Wheeler (signing), chairman of the International Wheat Council ; J. H. Wesson (Canada) ; and Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador to the U.S. The thirty-six-nation Wheat Council announced early last month "the first practical international agreement" on distribution. The thirty-three importing nations are to purchase 500,000,000 bushels a year for the next five years from Canada, the U.S. and Australia

ADMIRAL HORTHY AS WITNESS IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE TRIAL AT NUREMBERG : The ex-Regent of Hungary left his home in Weilheim, Bavaria, to give evidence at the trial. Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary for twenty-four years, was arrested in October 1944 by Hitler and sent to a concentration camp. Now a "political recluse" in the United States Zone of Germany, he was reported, early last year, to be involved in a plot with the Hungarian Smallholders' Party, to restore the Horthy regime. He has stated that he has been completely out of touch with political affairs since his arrest in 1944. Horthy is under town arrest in Weilheim, where he lives modestly with his family, and must report twice monthly to the Military Government



AN AGREEMENT BETWEEN ARAB FORCES IN PALESTINE : Abdul Khader Husseini addressing Arab political leaders at Hebron. The organisation of Arab forces in Palestine has had to face the problem of rival military and political groups. Abdul Khader Husseini, for example, a member of the military family of the Mufti of Jerusalem, is military leader of the Jerusalem district. Certain Arab groups in the district have shown reluctance to join forces with him because of a personal preference for other leaders. Last month Husseini visited Hebron, 22 miles north of Jerusalem, to address assembled political leaders. Many were antagonistic to him, but he finally came to an agreement with them to establish his military forces there

THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND SENDS EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES : Some of the 350 Maltese who are going to take up residence in America gathered at the Customs House, Valetta, before being ferried out to the liner "Sobieski," which took them across the Atlantic. The liner, which could not come alongside in Grant Harbour as available large berths were full, was waiting with steam up near one of the forts at the harbour entrance



NAMED AFTER THE POLISH HERO WHO LIBERATED VIENNA FROM THE HANDS OF THE TURK : The Polish liner "Sobieski" seen before leaving Valetta with Maltese emigrants for the United States. The "Sobieski" was built for the Polish Government in 1938 at the Walker-on-Tyne yards, and before the war she was on the Gdynia-New York run

A CRUSADER AT HOME

The Bishop of London at Fulham Palace

Dr. J. W. C. Wand, 112th Bishop of London, is inaugurating a campaign to present the message of Christianity in the London Diocese "on a scale unsurpassed in modern times." Already the plans for that campaign are well under way, and next month the Archbishop of York will be the principal speaker at a great rally called by Dr. Wand at the Albert Hall. Dr. Wand has his home at Fulham Palace, sometimes called the Manor House, a stately building lying in extensive grounds at the north end of Putney Bridge. Save for the brief interregnum of Colonel Harvey in Cromwellian times, the manor shows an uninterrupted ecclesiastical tenancy of 1,200 years. Of the manor house of pre-Tudor days no vestige remains. The present Tudor building is of red and black brick, with the characteristic Tudor diamond pattern much in evidence. Of the Palace rooms, the Great Hall is the most outstanding. It was once used by Bonner for the trial of heretics. The grounds of Fulham Palace, which were the joy in old days of such ardent horticulturists as Bishop Grindal and Bishop Compton, are still delightful, but the ancient moat (fully a mile in circumference and attributed to the Danes) was filled in in 1921 with builders' rubble

FULHAM PALACE HAS THE BEAUTY OF FINE PROPORTIONS: Dr. Wand, Bishop of London, walking on the lawns in front of his official residence, the Old Manor House, off Fulham Palace Road, near the north end of Putney Bridge. The property has been in almost continuous ecclesiastical ownership since 691 A.D.

THE CRUSADING BISHOP AT HOME: Dr. Wand in the drawing-room of his Fulham Palace home with Mrs. Wand and his chaplain, the Rev. Anthony Morcom. The Bishop is at the moment hard at work on his "mission of recovery," the first stage of which is the training of the clergy and the representative laity who will implement the scheme

DR. WAND STANDS BESIDE THE FOUNTAIN AT THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE: The entrance is situated beneath a picturesque clock tower. The diamond pattern of the richly-mellowed brickwork is characteristic of the Tudor period

BENEATH THE PORTRAIT OF THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH—WHERE THE CHRISTIAN CAMPAIGN WAS INAUGURATED LAST MONTH: Dr. Wand in the Great Hall of Fulham Palace. It was here that he called a meeting in March to announce details of his campaign to present the message of Christianity in the London Diocese. The Great Hall was used by Bishops Bonner and Ridley during the struggles of the Reformation

DR. WAND IN HIS STUDY AT FULHAM PALACE: The table in front of him is used for smaller conferences of leaders of the diocese, but most of the meetings take place in the Great Hall. Dr. Wand has written very extensively on ecclesiastical matters. In 1929 he published a "History of the Modern Church"

Royal Occasions

The KING with the FREEMASONS

The Queen in North London and Gateshead

For the third time during his reign the King has installed a Grand Master of English Freemasonry; the first occasion was in 1939 when he installed his brother, the Duke of Kent; the second occasion was in 1943 when he installed his brother-in-law, the Earl of Harewood, who became Grand Master after the Duke of Kent's death. Last week, with ancient ceremony, embracing a ritual unchanging from generation to generation, the installation of the Duke of Devonshire took place in the presence of about 8,000 Freemasons.

After Grand Lodge had been opened by Lord Scarbrough, the Deputy Grand Master, the King was introduced to the gathering as "Most Worshipful Brother His Majesty the King, Past Grand Master." There followed a fanfare of trumpets. The King was then invited to occupy the throne, and the installation began.

Addressing the new Grand Master the King said that all nations were now exerting themselves to restore order and prosperity within their frontiers. It was only by the revival of those spiritual and moral values, always the first victims in war, that this rehabilitation could be achieved.

THE KING VISITS THE ALBERT HALL FOR THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AS GRAND MASTER OF THE UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ANCIENT, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF ENGLAND: His Majesty being greeted on arrival. The King's intention to be present was not made known beforehand, and he received a tremendous ovation from a gathering of about 8,000 Freemasons representative of 6,000 lodges in England. The King, a past Grand Master, was asked on arrival to occupy the throne

THE FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND FORGATHER AT THE ALBERT HALL: Masons in their regalia before the opening of Especial Grand Lodge by Lord Scarbrough, the Deputy Grand Master, and the arrival of the King to conduct the installation ceremony

THE QUEEN IN NORTH LONDON: Her Majesty acknowledging the greetings of the crowd when she paid a visit to the North Islington Infant Welfare Centre in Holloway Road. During her tour the Queen visited the room where children were receiving sun-ray treatment

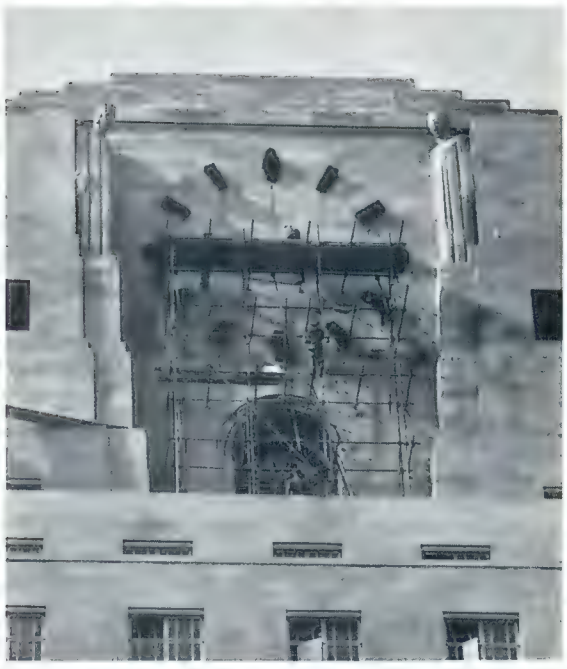
THE QUEEN KEEPS A PROMISE TO THE PEOPLE OF GATESHEAD: Her Majesty leaving one of the wings of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital during her visit to Newcastle and Gateshead. Before the war the Queen promised to open the hospital. The unofficial opening took place in 1944, and this latest visit constituted the official opening. In her speech Her Majesty declared: "The added duties shouldered by the State do not absolve us from the practice of charity or from the exercise of vigilance. Indeed, the English way of progress has always been to preserve good qualities and apply them to new systems"

LONDON OLD AND NEW

The Changing and the Unchanging Face of the Metropolis

THE PROGRESS OF WHITEHALL'S MONSTER BUILDING : Steelwork rising on the vast site between the Victoria Embankment and Whitehall, where a giant block of offices is being erected in accordance with a scheme decided upon before the war. When the preliminary excavations were carried out in the '30's, foundations of the old Palace of Whitehall were unearthed. Henry VIII's wine-cellar, a fine piece of Tudor brickwork, is in a fair state of preservation, and is to be incorporated in the new structure. The building will have a main frontage of 550 ft. and a height of 128 ft. It will accommodate at least four Ministries and several thousands of employees

PRINCE HENRY'S ROOM IS TO BE REOPENED : This famous room at No. 17, Fleet Street, near the old Temple Bar, was the office of the Duchy of Cornwall for several years after 1615. It survived the Great Fire in 1666, and in its time has been a tavern, a printers, and the home of Mrs. Salmon's Famous Exhibition of Waxworks. The entire building was carefully restored by the London County Council in 1900-1906. The carved panels in front and the storey-posts are all original work. The ceiling in Prince Henry's Room is the original ceiling, carefully repaired by the Victoria and Albert Museum authorities, and it is regarded as one of the best specimens of the work of the period. The staircase is fine eighteenth-century work

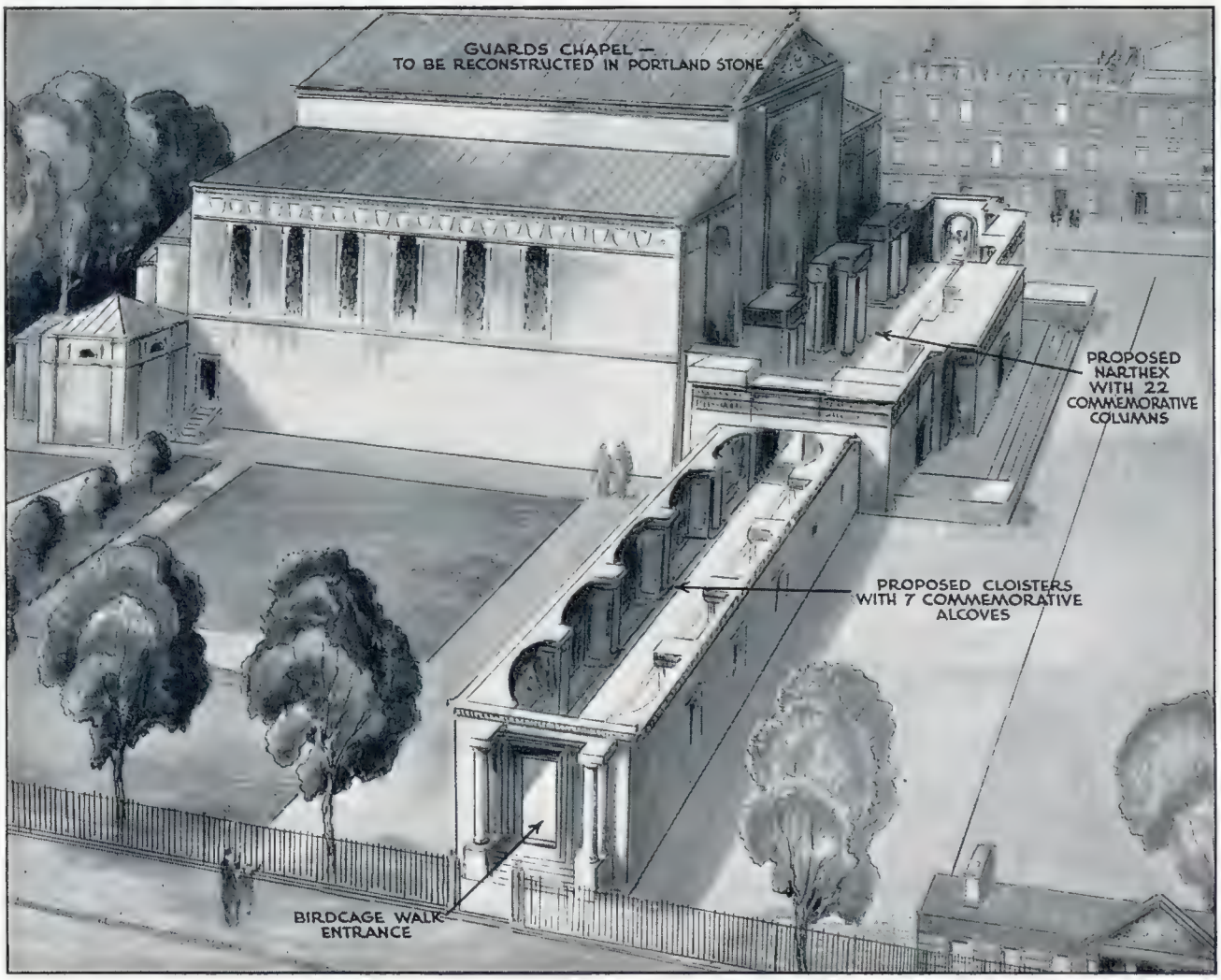


THE REPAIRERS START WORK ON LONDON'S BIGGEST CLOCK : Scaffolding being put in position on one of the faces of the clock on Shell Mex House, Victoria Embankment, which is being dismantled for its first major overhaul since it was erected in 1932. The hands are being replaced. The dial is 25 ft. square. The hands are 12 and 9 ft. long respectively, and they weigh a total of 340 lbs. Big Ben's face is 22½ ft. across. The clock is electric, and the machinery is no bigger than the engine of a private car. There is no chime. The new hands will be galvanised, and will have four coats of special paint. The face and the numerals, which are made of antimony lead, are being cleaned

THE LAST OF PICCADILLY'S GREAT PRIVATE MANSIONS IS TO BE USED FOR OFFICE PURPOSES : The main façade of Bath House, standing on the west corner of Bolton Street, which has been sold to an investment syndicate and is being let as offices for the Distillers Company. The house was built in 1821 by Alexander Baring, first Lord Ashburton, whom Carlyle used to visit so frequently in the '40's. Mrs. Carlyle's letters show considerable jealousy of Lady Harriet Baring, whom she considered to be a rival. She refers to Lady Harriet's "love-making to my husband," yet she professed to be pleased that "he has found one agreeable house to which he likes to go, and goes regularly." The site was originally occupied by Old Bath House, where William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and the great opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, lived for many years absolutely alone. Old Bath House was demolished in 1821. At the east corner of Bolton Street was formerly Watier's Club, the gambling-house and restaurant established under the patronage of the Prince Regent by Watier, his cook. It had closed its doors by the time New Bath House came into being. Lord Byron was one of its members, as also was Beau Brummell, a big loser at the tables

REPAIRING THE BOMB DAMAGE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: Men of the Ministry of Works have started operations on the main façade of the famous building. Rooms are being stripped and redecorated. It is possible at the moment for the passer-by to see completely through these rooms, and the tower gives the impression that it has been gutted by fire. The Palace stands on the site of a hospital for lepers dating from 1100 or earlier. The hospital grounds were acquired by Henry VIII in 1532. Queen Mary I died in the Palace in 1558, and there Charles II was born in 1630. Charles I spent his last days there before his execution, and on his last morning left the Palace and walked across St. James's Park to the scaffold in Whitehall. From 1697, when Whitehall was burned down, St. James's Palace became the residence of the sovereigns, remaining so until George III bought Buckingham House

On right — **THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE WAR MEMORIAL: When the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks, destroyed during one of the first flying-bomb attacks, is rebuilt in Portland stone, a memorial to the officers and men of the Household Brigade who fell in the Second World War will be constructed, as shown in the accompanying drawing by Percy Home.** It will be in the form of a cloister and memorial entrance hall leading from Birdcage Walk to the west door of the Chapel. In this cloister and hall there will be seven bays, and in each there will be a book of remembrance listing the 5,214 names of the officers and men of the two regiments of Household Cavalry and the five regiments of Foot-guards who were killed. The books will be prepared long before the memorial can be built, and they will be housed temporarily in the existing Guards' Chapel. The whole of this work and the reconstruction of the Chapel is in the hands of Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, F.R.I.B.A. In the Memorial Hall, or Narthex, as it is technically termed, will be columns for each unit that fought in the war



SPRING HAS COME EARLY TO THE GLENS : An Aberdeenshire shepherd drives his flock up to the hill pastures from the low-lying district where they have wintered successfully. It is now lambing-time among the hill flocks, and Scottish pastoralists are hoping for a good season to make up for the serious losses which many of them sustained last year. Some of the hardiest types that can be got for breeding come out of this area, and they are crossed with sheep in other areas to produce sturdy half-breeds

TOWN SHEEP AND COUNTRY SHEEP

Spring-time in Hyde Park and the Northern Glens

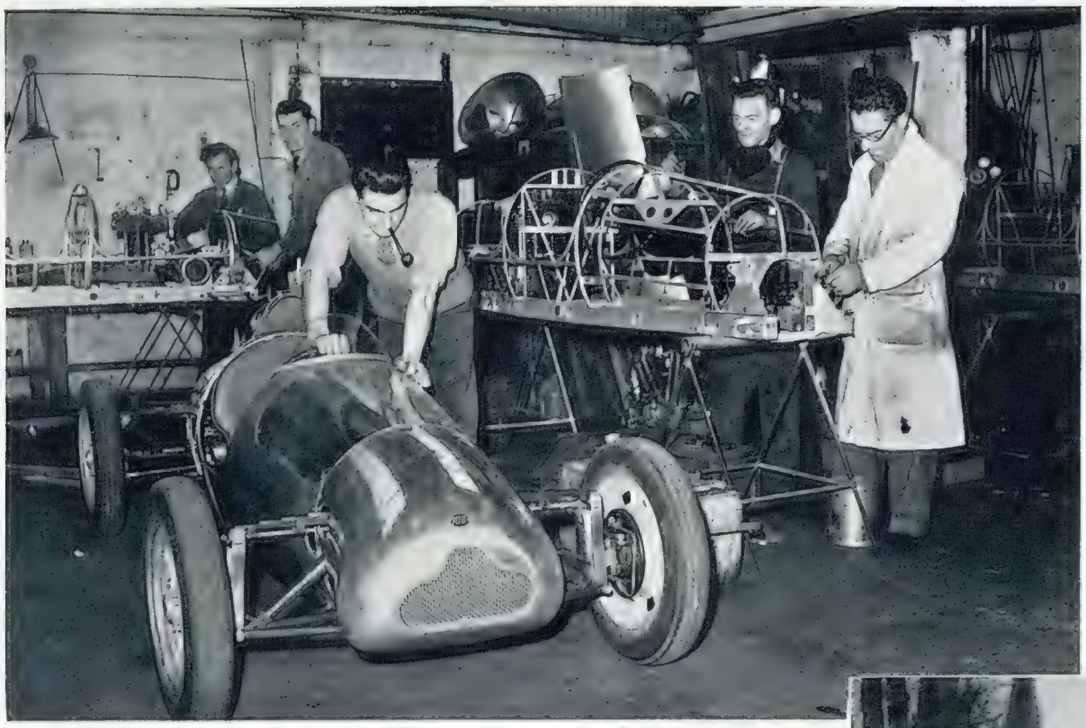
SPRING-TIME IN THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND" : A ewe and six lambs enjoying the spring sunshine in a Kentish orchard. At the time of writing the lambing season in the South country goes well, and farmers are naturally hoping there will be no severe mid-April frosts

BABY LAMB, YOUTHFUL SHEPHERD : Fifteen-year-old Leslie Morgan with one of the hundred lambs born in a period of three weeks at Church Farm, Offham, Kent

THREE HUNDRED SHEEP HAVE COME TO HYDE PARK FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER GRAZING : They are in the charge of sixty-year-old George Walbran and his dogs, Dot and Tess. George, who has worked the Cumberland, Yorkshire and Durham moors since he was fifteen, was the shepherd in charge of the Hyde Park sheep last year. He likes the Park, but considers the work harder than when on the moors, for there are too many loose dogs around to worry the sheep. His flock is being augmented this month by another 300 head

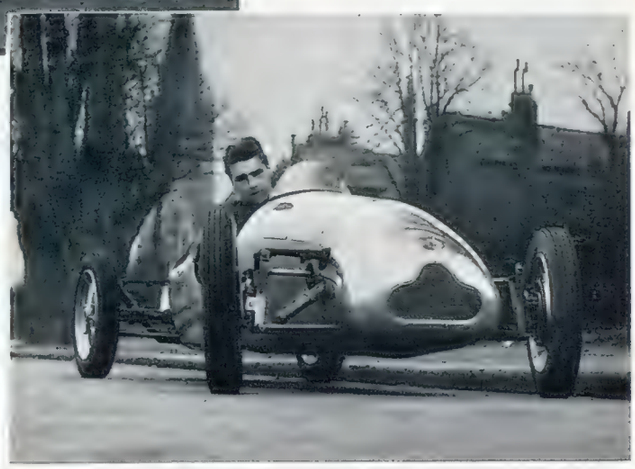
DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE ON THE ROADS

New Midget Cars and a Motor-cycle and an Electric Carriage



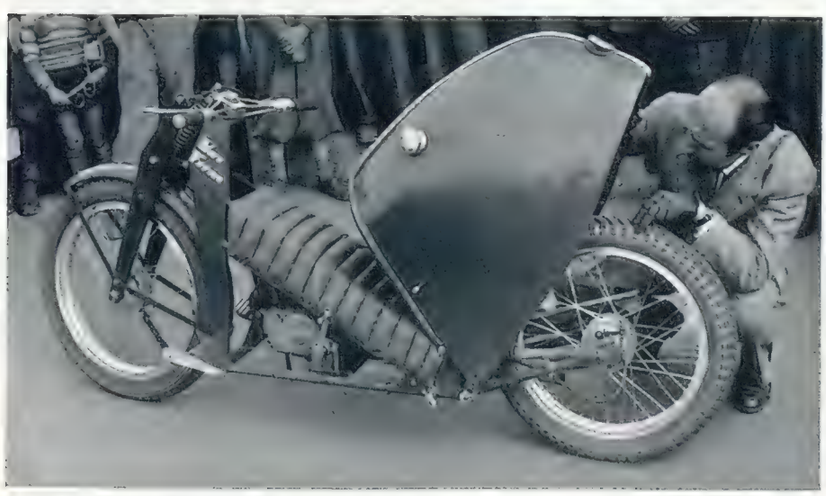
MIDGET CARS FOR THE RACING SEASON : The assembly shop of Mr. John Cooper's works, where he designs and builds his single-seater racing cars which are powered by motor-cycle engines of 500 c.c. These cars can attain speeds of more than 100 m.p.h.

Motor racing can still take place in spite of "basic," because racing cars almost always run on special fuels which are as yet unrationed. Racing, however, must be restricted to cars of this type and the super-tuned sports cars, which run on standard fuels, cannot compete. The midget cars illustrated here were assembled at Mr. John Cooper's works at Tolworth, in Surrey. The engines are single-cylinder motor-cycle power-units of 500 c.c. The streamlined bodies are made of aluminium and weigh only 500 lbs. Wheelbase is 6 ft. 11 ins. and the wheels are independently sprung. Midget-car racing is a comparatively new sport in this country. It provides some of the thrills of dirt-track racing, together with the additional thrill of very high speeds. These little cars can travel at speeds of 100 m.p.h. and more.



AT THE WHEEL OF A MIDGET RACER : John Cooper, himself a well-known driver, tests out one of his models. Road-holding and cornering are exceptionally steady, due to the independently-sprung suspension. The car has a wheelbase of only 6 ft. 11 ins.

BEATING THE BASIC : R. G. J. Nash, the celebrated racing motorist, speeds into Weybridge in his electric "horse-less carriage." Mr. Nash is a motoring enthusiast for whom the "old crock" has a fascination and, at his home in Weybridge, Surrey, he has a museum of old cars. These seldom take the air except for the famous old crocks' race to Brighton or some similar parade, but Mr. Nash now finds that his hobby has paid him a dividend. The motor-car pictured above is a Columbia electric carriage of 1898 vintage, which was formerly owned by Queen Alexandra and was in constant use at Sandringham. It will run for approximately 20 miles before the batteries need be re-charged. Mr. Nash has had the vehicle licensed and put into running order, and it makes a useful run-about



A NEW STYLE IN MOTOR-CYCLES : The unusual seat suspension is particularly noteworthy, providing considerably greater comfort than the conventional type. It was designed by an Italian engineer in Bologna. The lightweight machine is unusually low-slung

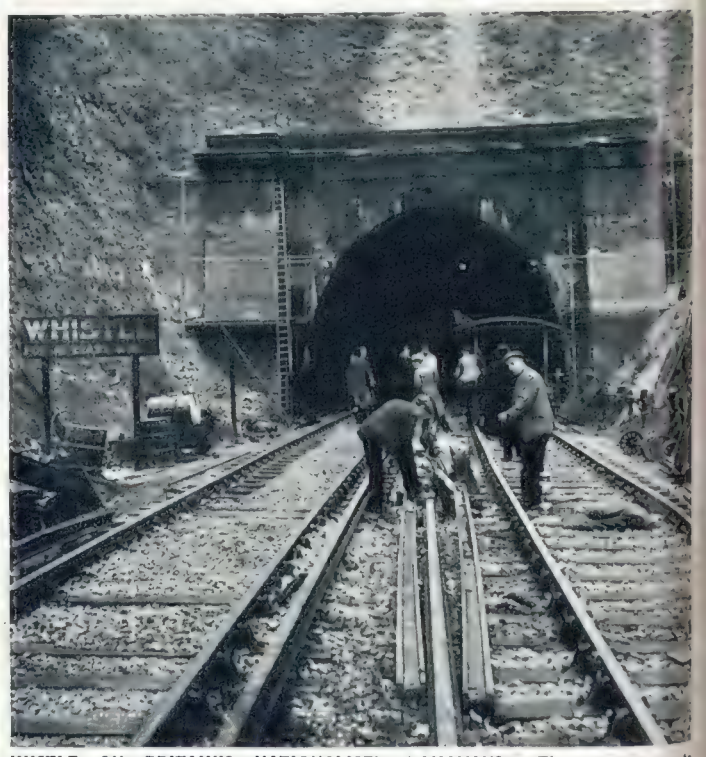
TAKING A BEND ON THE MOTOR-CYCLE OF THE FUTURE : Testing the new machine to demonstrate its road-holding qualities. Every country in Europe that makes motor-cars and motor-cycles is experimenting in midget types, mainly for the purpose of economy in petrol consumption. The inventive necessity has started a whole series of new and spectacular types, and Italy has been prominent in the production of some of the most unusual designs. This new motor-cycle was built by an engineer in Bologna, and is a lightweight of notably low-slung design. The back of the seat is below the level of the hubs of the wheels, and it can consequently take bends safely at much greater speeds than can the more conventional types in everyday use. The lightweight engine is economic on fuel

LONDON'S GREATEST RIVER SPECTACLE—THE ANNUAL HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE BROUGHT 5,000 OARSMEN TO THE TIDEWAY : Some of the 165 crews which took part in the event viewed from Barnes Bridge near the start of the course. The race is rowed from Mortlake to Putney, the reverse of the University boat-race course. This year the championship was won by Thames R.C., who completed the 4¼ miles in the fast time of twenty minutes. London Rowing Club were second in 20 minutes 7 seconds, followed by two Cambridge colleges, Pembroke and Jesus (the winners last year)

A RECORD of the HOME NEWS in PICTURES

SPRING-CLEANING THE BED OF THE THAMES : A dredger, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the training-ship H.M.S. "President," has been busy clearing the tideway near the Thames Embankment. This picture was taken from Blackfriars Bridge

THE PREMIER AND THE F.B.I. TRIBUTE TO TWO NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS : Mr. Attlee standing between Sir Edward Appleton (left) and Sir Robert Robinson (right), the Nobel winners in 1947, at the complimentary dinner given by the Federation of British Industries at the May Fair Hotel, London. In paying a tribute to the two scientists the Premier declared that they had made outstanding contributions both in the realm of fundamental research and in the application of science to the needs of the community. During the evening Sir Edward Appleton gave an address on "The Scientist in Industry." He expressed the belief that the proper use of science in industry had now become a managerial problem of the first magnitude. One of the main reasons was that scientific knowledge was growing with amazing speed, and the opportunities of employing it were so enormous and varied that it was essential to be selective



HUSTLE ON BRITAIN'S NATIONALISED RAILWAYS : The entrance to Polhill Tunnel, on the London Bridge to Dover line, where one of the most interesting and difficult pieces of railway track relaying came to an end last week when this second largest tunnel on the British Railway's Southern Region system was reopened after a closure of three weeks. So new have been the methods adopted with the special track-laying equipment that engineers from all other regions of the British Railways have visited the tunnel to see work in progress, and technical descriptions are being sent to all parts of the world. The normal length of time for a job of this nature would have been twenty-six week-ends with speed restrictions in operation for the whole of this period. By diverting trains and closing the tunnel completely, highly-trained gangs of men were able to install the prefabricated tracks in record time

AN EASTER PILGRIMAGE TO A CELEBRATED EAST ANGLIAN SHRINE: Undergraduates of London and other universities leaving St. Ethelreda's, Ely Place, Holborn, on a pilgrimage to the Norfolk shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. It is a trek of 120 miles. The cross they carry is of solid oak

THE START OF THE STUDENT CROSS PILGRIMAGE TO WALSINGHAM: Student pilgrims kneeling outside St. Ethelreda's, Ely Place, for a final blessing before taking the road on their 120-mile pilgrimage to Walsingham, an annual trek which always takes place at Eastertide. St. Ethelreda's is one of the only two pre-Reformation churches in England restored to Catholicism and owned by Roman Catholics. It is the Chapel of Ely Place, the former residence of the Bishops of Ely, and as such is intimately connected with the Church in East Anglia. In Mediæval and Tudor days many people made the Walsingham pilgrimage and Henry VIII is said to have completed part of the journey barefoot

SALTWOOD CASTLE IS IN THE MARKET: It is understood that Lady Conway of Allington is to sell this celebrated pile near Hythe, Kent. Saltwood is rare among English castles in that all the ancient walls as well as the residence are to-day in a better state of preservation than at any time in the last century and a half. For the restoration work on the castle, Lady Conway's direction is largely responsible. Saltwood's first links with history go back to 1170. The knights who murdered Thomas â Becket gathered there on their way to Canterbury. Two centuries later Archbishop Courtney built its twin towers. They are said to be one of the most perfect old gatehouses in existence. From the head of a valley, a mile inland, they overlook the English Channel

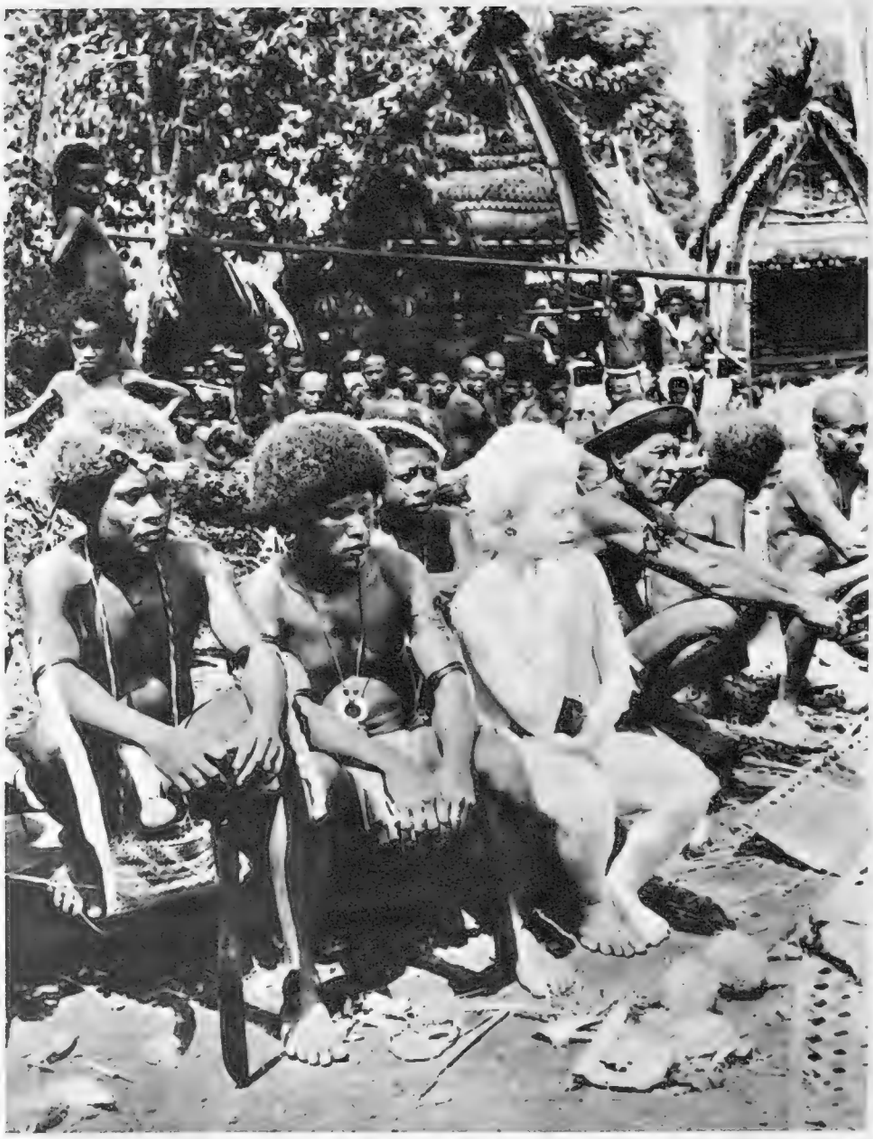
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE DESIGNS IN THE PATTERN ROOM AT WEDGWOOD: Arranging plates on the shelves at the celebrated Staffordshire pottery, which is making such a notable contribution to Britain's dollar earnings. Wedgwood's are preparing special designs for this year's British Industries Fair

SOCIALISTS OF FIFTEEN NATIONS MEET—MR. DALTON, EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ADDRESSING THE SPECIAL MARSHALL PLAN CONFERENCE OF SOCIALIST LEADERS: The two-day conference took place at the Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey, and the delegates came at the invitation of the British and French Labour Parties. The main item on the agenda was to discuss ways and means of making American aid work fairly and efficiently between the needful countries. The British delegates were Mr. Hugh Dalton, Mrs. Ayrton Gould, M.P., and Mr. Morgan Phillips, the Secretary of the Labour Party. Herr Schumacher represented Germany and veteran Leon Blum was one of the French delegates. Dr. Schumacher was taken ill during the conference

IN THE EARTHENWARE WAREHOUSE AT WEDGWOOD'S: Pieces undergoing final inspection before despatch to customers abroad. At the moment Britain's pottery industry is making great strides, and never before has there been such an overseas demand for our products. Last year's export output from Staffordshire's Five Towns was worth £15,000,000, 26 per cent. up on the 1946 figure and nearly four times that of pre-war. As export output rises so does the home-market allocation, and there are signs that housewives will soon be able to replenish depleted stocks

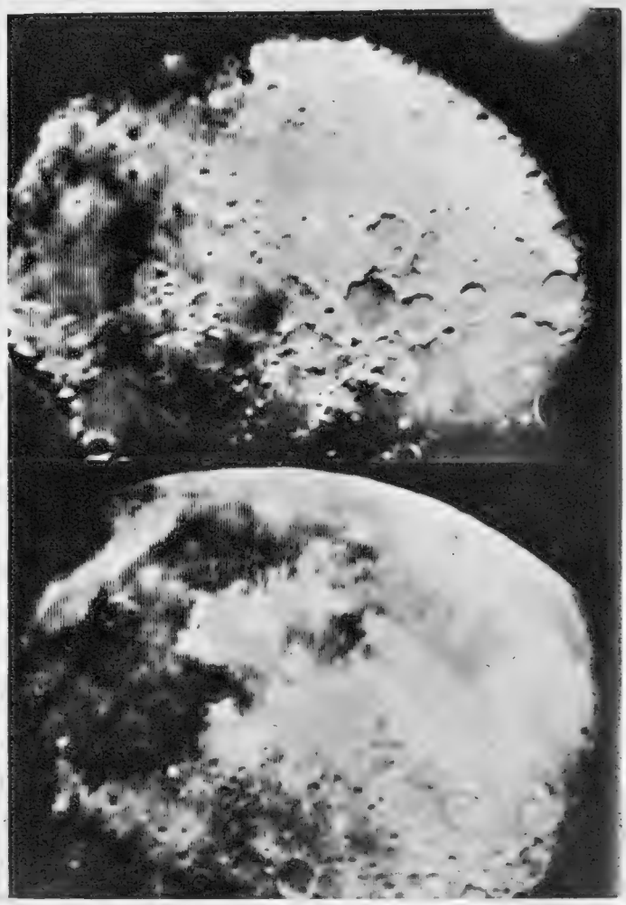
ACCENT ON THE EXCEPTIONAL

Unusual Camera Studies from Near and Far

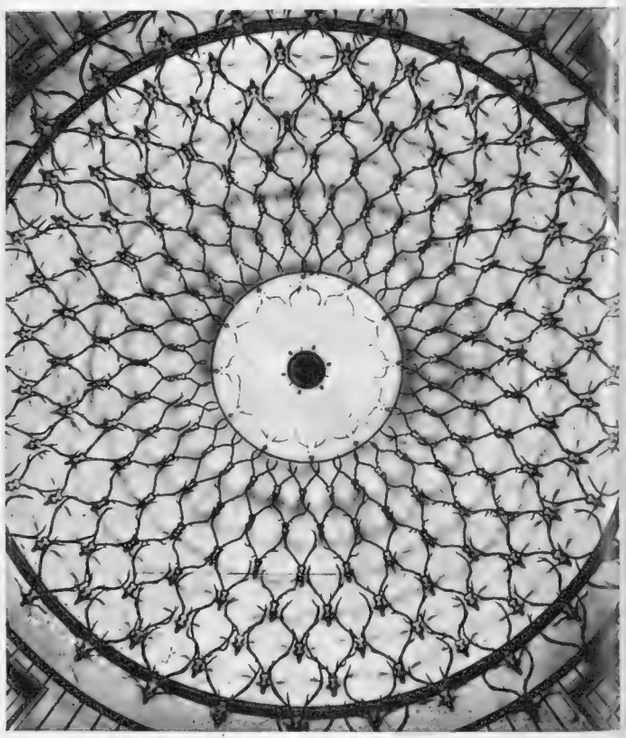


THERE ARE "WHITE" NATIVES IN THE TROBIAND ARCHIPELAGO, 100 MILES EAST OF THE NEW GUINEA MAINLAND—AN ALBINO SEEN DURING A RECENT EXPEDITION SENT OUT BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT TO FIVE AREAS OF PAPUA, NEW GUINEA: The albinos of the Trobiands often have to be helped along, as they can hardly see in the glare of the tropical sun. The expedition was formed by a team of scientists, who went out to make a nutritional survey as part of a post-war plan to advance the social and economic life of the natives. They found that war had done little to disrupt the idyllic life. Gardening and fishing are the twin industries of the Trobiand Islands. The gardening year begins with a conference, summoned by the chief and held in front of the magician's house, to decide where the gardens will be made, who will cultivate them and when work will begin. Each stage of the gardening cycle is accompanied by its appropriate magical formula. Distribution of the harvest is a notably complicated business, involving intricate relationships and exchanges of goods

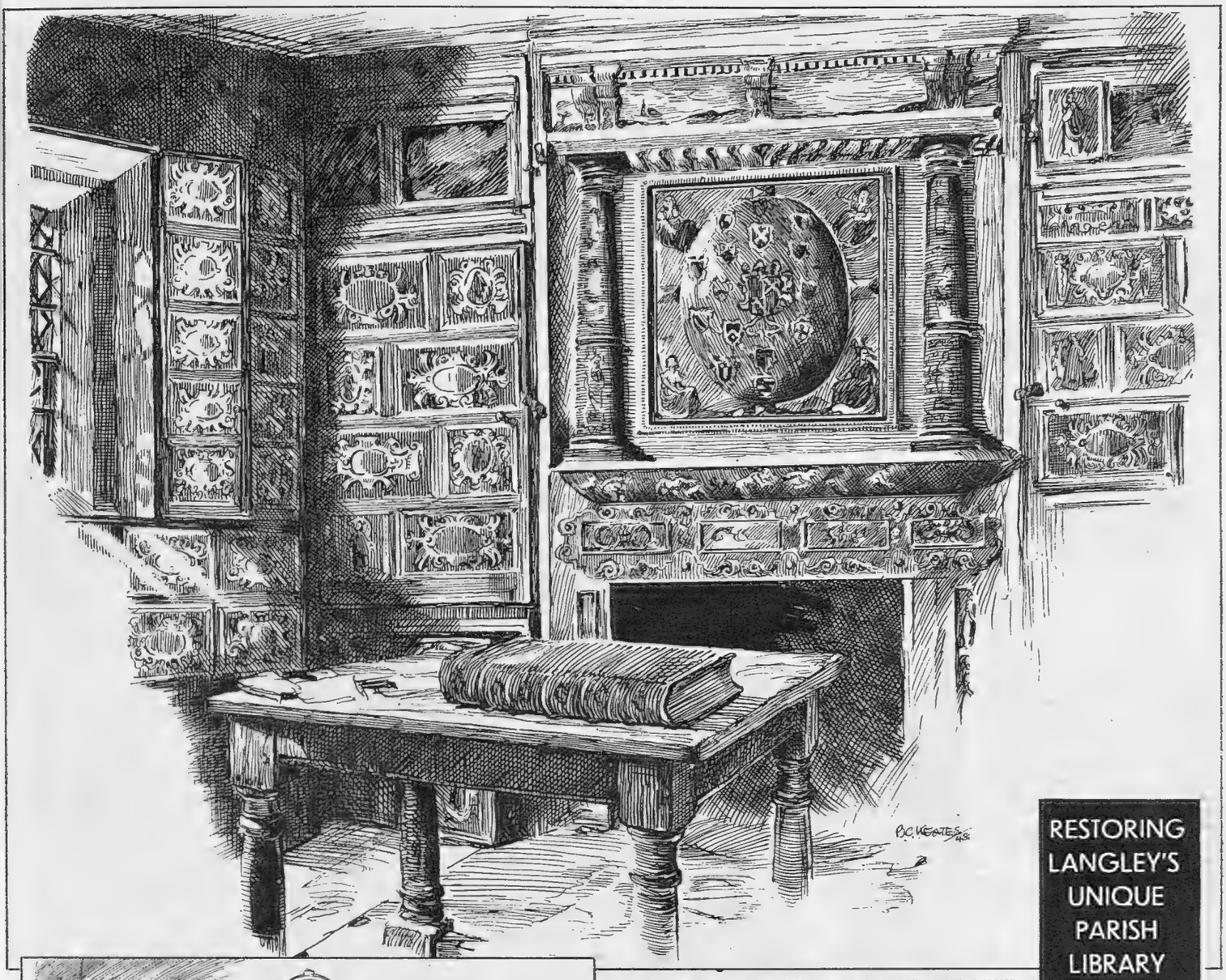
A HUMMING-BIRD FEEDING IN MID-AIR AT THE BRONX ZOO—A WINNING PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK: Each year the entries are submitted by staff photographers of metropolitan newspapers and syndicates, and they are grouped in several classes in accordance with the subject. This remarkable picture by Samuel Falk, of the "New York Times," was awarded first prize in the speed-lite group and was captioned "Lens Lighting"



THE MOON IS A STAR TURN IN A WASHINGTON TELEVISION SHOW—A CLOSE LOOK AT THE SATELLITE'S VOLCANO-STUDDED FACE: Here are two spectacular views of the moon as seen by a Washington television audience and arranged by a broadcasting station, in co-operation with the U.S. Naval Observatory. This public show of the moon was the first to be presented on a television screen, and it enabled the audience to see it from a distance of 240,000 miles. Some of the craters, the scientists say, are from 16,000 to 17,000 ft. across



A REMINDER OF THE HEYDAY OF STALKING AT GORDON CASTLE, FOCHABER—THE DOMED CEILING DECORATED BY SOME 600 STAGS' HEADS: Gordon Castle was built in the eighteenth century as the chief seat of the Dukes of Gordon. The Castle later passed to the Dukes of Richmond when the title of Gordon became extinct in 1836. In the Circle Wing at the Castle, the domed ceiling records the stalking prowess of past Dukes and their guests. Many of the stags' heads bear inscriptions giving details of the time and place of the kill. The estate is now Crown property, and there is a plan to convert it into a holiday home

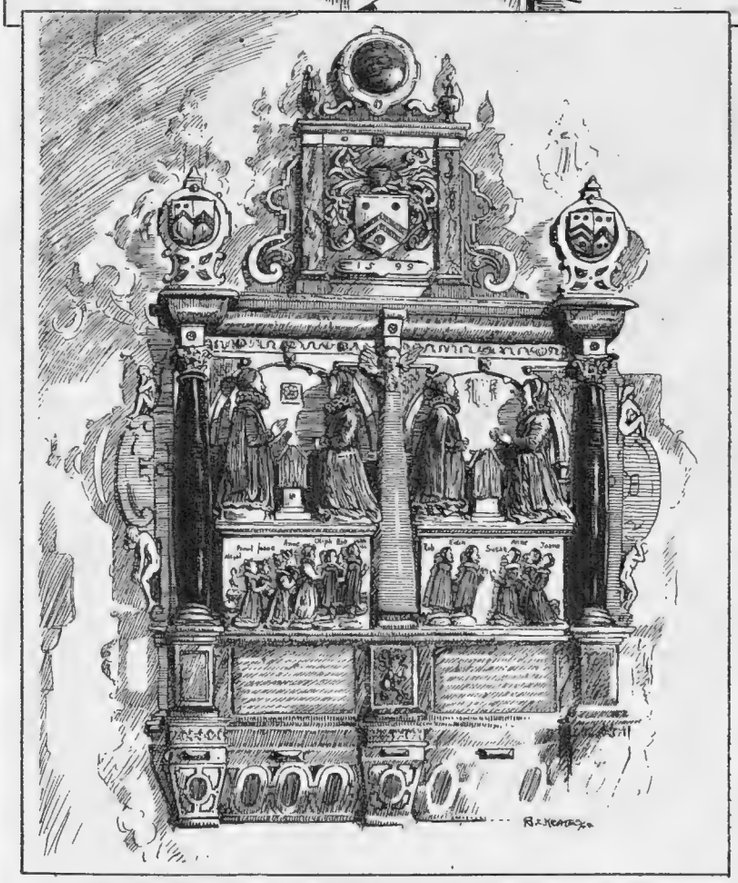


RESTORING LANGLEY'S UNIQUE PARISH LIBRARY

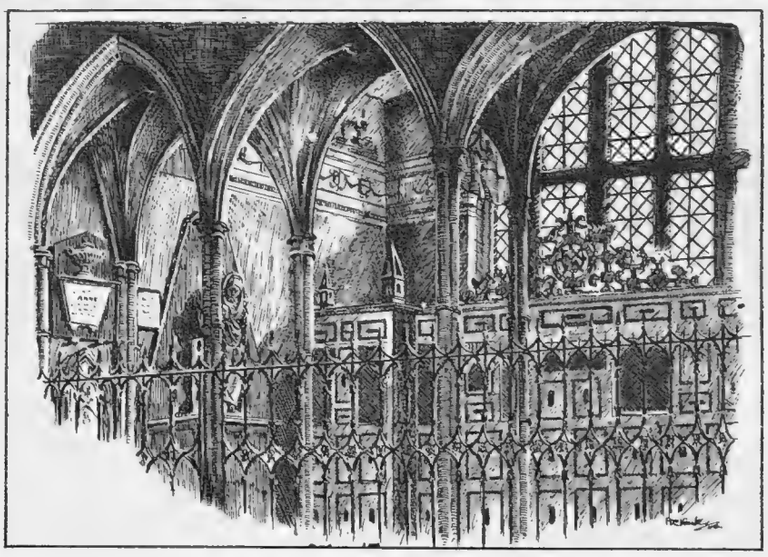
The Renowned Kedermister Collection

THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LIBRARY AT LANGLEY, BUCKS: The interior of the chapel on the south side of the church. It was built by Sir John Kedermister to accommodate the library which he gave to the people of Buckinghamshire. It is now in the charge of Buckinghamshire County Council and they have lately voted a much-needed sum for its renovation

In 1613 Sir John Kedermister added a chamber on the south side of the church at Langley, Bucks, "to have for ever within the said chapel many good and godly books." Sir John had the fittings carved and painted in the best manner of the day, and the upper drawing on this page, specially made for THE SPHERE by Mr. B. C. Keates, shows the elaborate nature of some of the cupboards containing this famous theological library. Of late the deterioration of the library has been most marked, and it is good to know that the Buckinghamshire County Council are taking steps to prevent any further decay and to restore the whole place. Among the books at Langley are a *Missal of Canute*, complete except the front page, valued at £1,000 or more, and an amusing "Pharmacopolium" compiled by Sir John Kedermister himself; also eight volumes out of ten of the works of St. Augustine printed in Paris as early as 1531. In 1939 and 1940, when every book was taken to a London bindery, it was noted that the bulk of the volumes, inches thick in dust, had lain undisturbed for a long time. It was also noted that a number of the books had been attacked by damp and worm, with leather peeling from the cover-boards



Above—**THE MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN KEDERMISTER, FOUNDER OF THE LANGLEY LIBRARY, AND HIS WIFE, LADY KEDERMISTER: The monument, erected by Edmund Kedermister, son of Sir John, also commemorates Edmund, his wife and their thirteen children**



On right—**THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SOUTH TRANSEPT OF LANGLEY CHURCH: The transept, built as a chapel for the Kedermister family, leads to the library. The decorated pew and screen are both notable pieces of seventeenth-century work**

CUTTING OUT THE CUTS IN FILM-MAKING

The Independent Frame System and What It Means

By CHARLES GRAVES

ANYBODY who has ever visited a film studio, either in California or England, is immediately conscious of the extraordinary amount of waste of time. While *Blanche Fury* was being made, I stood around for nearly half an hour without a single word of dialogue being spoken. The studio, as usual, was a jumble of microphones, cameras, props, stage-hands, directors, carpenters, electricians, and the like. I have noticed the same thing in various other films which I have watched at birth. Even to the simplest intelligence it has been obvious for years that the cost of the modern full-length film—about £250,000 minimum—is ludicrously out of proportion to what it should be if some attempt were made to co-ordinate, or even prefabricate, some of the artistic and commercial effort which a picture entails.

This is all the more apparent when one sits down in front of a television set and sees two hours of straightforward entertainment without any break or appreciable flaw in the presentation. True, the action of a television presentation has to take place inside very limited confines and does not have the wide sweep of a film which can show rolling seas, endless prairies, or even the exterior of a large swimming-pool. None the less, the contrast between the economy of a show on a television screen and a show on the film screen is so great that the failure to combine the two techniques is quite remarkable.

Now, at last, a new era in film production is under active way. It is a Columbus egg of an idea, according to David Rawnsley, Art Director of such films as *Forty-Ninth Parallel, The Rake's Progress, The Way Ahead* and *I See a Dark Stranger*. Briefly, the idea is to use specially devised television cameras, recording equipment and a monitor system whereby live action can be potted and then used as a background to the main incidents of the drama unfolding itself in the foreground of the screen. So-called back-projection has been known since the earliest days of the cinema. Mirrors which magnify a miniature exterior of the Doge's Palace of Venice, or the Tuileries for a scene out of the *Scarlet Pimpernel*, are old stuff. These backgrounds, however, have been very largely static. The new idea is to "shoot" mobile exteriors—such as a crowd scene—and then superimpose the personal drama in the foreground in such a way that the cinema-goer will imagine that the whole scene has been photographed simultaneously.

The amount of money to be saved in this way is enormous: £100-a-day feature players or £10,000-a-picture stars will be required for infinitely smaller time, and therefore at an infinitely smaller cost. Better still, the actor and actress will not be compelled, as they are to-day, to speak barely a sentence before somebody shouts "Cut!" and then have to attempt to revive all their histrionic emotions to carry on—perhaps two hours later—at the point where they left off, for another twenty seconds. By the new system it should be easily possible to take a complete scene without any interruption. This will be of the greatest possible benefit to the real artists and will rapidly separate those who are good enough to give a live performance on the stage from those who, being used to piecemeal appearances, could not possibly risk a full-length stage appearance. And there are many more of these performers than is generally realised.

At the present minute there are three films being lined up at Pinewood—*Warning to Wantons, Stardust* and *Flood Tide*—for production by the new method. This is the immediate result of a tiny picture for children called *Under the Frozen Falls*, which was never intended to be shown as a major feature in the West End, but has been used as a guinea-pig. It might have been thought that the personnel in this studio would have objected strongly to co-operating in an experiment which, if successful, was likely to deprive many of them of their jobs. And yet every member of the staff concentrated on the satisfactory completion of the picture.

At the moment the television equipment necessary for the new system of picture production is not yet complete. It is not yet possible, therefore, to supplant the present motion-picture camera with a television camera, so that the picture can be transmitted to the laboratory where it can be recorded and simultaneously watched—as on the television screen—by the director who is in charge of production. The idea, however, of introducing a pre-recorded film background to the live action on the set has proved to be perfectly possible and, indeed, revolutionary. Known as the Independent Frame, it will ultimately adjust film-production methods to suit the new television equipment. In the meantime, it already halves the cost, halves the floor space, and halves the time it takes to make a picture. It also means that the director who edits the live-action performance of the artistes can intermix this with the pre-recorded film material—so the picture is being cut and edited on the spot as it goes along.

Up till now, the director has been entirely in the hands of his camera-man, who, himself, is in the hands of the focus-puller, the operator and the technicians in the laboratory. The final result has not been assured until the photographed material has been viewed at the "rushes" on the following day. Hundreds of thousands of feet and equivalent sums of money are still being wasted annually in errors of judgment and differences of opinion between director, camera-man and designer. Further vast sums of money are lost by the daily clash of temperaments, which is bound to occur among a mixture of craftsmen, business men, extreme materialists, artists, showmen and publicists. Instantaneous viewing of the picture to be recorded would automatically prevent most of this waste.

The Independent Frame system in effect proposes an extension of the use of certain tools and a revision of existing methods; it also proposes the adoption of new equipment, new studios of new design, and a new attitude towards picture-making. Prefabricated settings outside the studio will have to be made in so mobile a form that they can be run on and off the stage as and when required. The script will have to be started at least six months before "shooting." This will enable it to be pictorially in such a way that details of composition, movement, screen and size, action and setting can be pin-pointed. The script having been based on actual locations already shot, and the action being therefore based on actual settings, everybody will know what the director wants and the director himself will know how his technicians propose to help him out. All this preparation and prefabrication is, for the lack of a better word, called the Frame, against which the final "shooting" takes place. It is, in fact, composed of prefabricated settings of location, scenes, backgrounds, sound effects, music tracks, the collection of wardrobe and properties—everything which can be prepared before the actual taking of the final picture. In this way rehearsals could take place two or three weeks before "shooting," first of all in a rehearsal room, and for the last week on the rehearsal stage, where every aspect of production can be tried out and adjusted. The shooting itself in this way can be reduced to six weeks, thus saving further sums of money.

One of the greatest time-eaters on the production floor is lighting. It is now possible under the new system to arrange a lighting unit which is used to "rough in" ahead of the shooting unit, and while the final rehearsal is in progress, can prepare the next set for the change-over. In this way, the actors, actresses and director can be relieved to a considerable extent of the innumerable delays resulting from inadequate planning and bad servicing. This marriage of a television and cinema technique will produce a child with the best qualities of both parents. It will, incidentally, make it unnecessary for cinemas to be wired expensively for television actuality newsreels, because when a cathode tube, able to show a picture in 1,000 lines instead of the present 405, has been produced commercially together with the recording apparatus, it will be possible to pot television newsreels and show them later in the day for those people who cannot be present at the given moment.

The production of this equipment will also mean, of course, that television viewers will be able to see a television play performed at a later date, because it has been recorded pictorially at the time of presentation and can be shown again just like a movie. It is strange to realise, however, that the Independent Frame system was originally proposed to Mr. Rank over three years ago in anticipation of the coming of electronics to production. Since then it has become increasingly apparent that films and television are complementary to one another on the production side, as in distribution, and it is unfortunate that vested interests on the viewing end have kept apart technicians of both industries.

David Rawnsley is anxious to emphasise that the development of existing back-projections is by no means the most important part of his idea. At the same time, it seems to the layman that this is the all-important ingredient of what one may call his television film production. The wider pathway it gives to artistes and directors through the jungle of technical paraphernalia and procedure seems to be a supreme advantage.

The new Independent Frame system is bound to make actors and actresses much more natural in their dialogue and in their gestures.

THEY PLANNED IT IN THE DESERT—THE LEADING LADY, JEAN CARSON, POSES FOR A CLOSE-UP AT THE VIKING STUDIOS, KENSINGTON, WHERE SHE IS TAKING PART IN THE FILM "DATE WITH A DREAM": The idea of collaborating in a comedy picture was born during the retreat from Gazala to Alamein, when Monty Berman (standing, centre) and Bob Baker (standing, left), both of the Army Film and Photographic Unit, were given a lift by Dicky Leeman (seated, centre), an R.A.F. driver. The three discussed their film plans for after the war, and decided they would get together following demobilisation. They have now formed a company, Tempean Films, Ltd., and Leeman is directing the picture "Date with a Dream." Berman is associate producer and lighting camera-man, while Baker is producer

NEW PRODUCTIONS ON THE LONDON STAGE

Comic Opera, Musical Romance and a Straight Play

MISTRESS QUICKLY: Mary Stewart in "Falstaff" at the Cambridge Theatre

A GREAT FALSTAFF: Mariano Stabile, whose acting is as impressive as his voice

FORD AND FALSTAFF AT THE GARTER INN: Stanley Pope and Mariano Stabile in the first scene of Act II of the opera "Falstaff." The scene is that in which Signor Fontana asks Sir John Falstaff to help him in his wooing of Mistress Alice Ford. The New London Opera Company at the Cambridge Theatre has now added a brilliant production of Verdi's *Falstaff* to its highly successful repertoire. It contains a number of first-rate character studies

A VENETIAN SETTING FOR A MUSICAL COMEDY: The opening scene on the Piazza Felice of "Carissima," at the Palace Theatre. Eric Maschwitz's new "musical romance," presented by Lee Ephraim, is a tuneful, colourful production of the pre-*Oklahoma* type of musical comedy. The story tells of a local Venetian boy (Lester Ferguson) who, having made good on the New York operatic stage, returns to Venice to avoid the attentions of a Perfumery Queen (Shirl Conway), who wants him for her sponsored radio programme. She follows him and (in the manner of grand opera) fails to recognise him in his native garb. But she falls in love with his voice—and later with himself—and decides to broadcast him as a discovery. They return to New York and love is requited at last as they enter a plane at La Guardia airport

A MAN ABOUT NEW YORK: Hugh Miller as the cynical Mr. Prince in Clifford Odets' romance, "Rocket to the Moon"

THE DENTIST'S SECRETARY: Yolande Donlan plays a very different character from her dumb blonde in "Born Yesterday"

AN OPERATIC FROLIC AT SADLER'S WELLS: Rose Hill as the maid, Beatrice Grey; Kate Jackson as Lady Rohesia, and Antony Hopkins, the author and composer. *Lady Rohesia* is a highly original musical parody by the twenty-seven-year-old London-born composer, Antony Hopkins. The work is a satire on conventional opera. A story from *The Ingoldsby Legends* has been adapted for the libretto, but the legend has not been followed too strictly

Jack Hylton and Peter Cotes's production of *Rocket to the Moon* at the St. Martin's Theatre gives London audiences their first opportunity to see a play by Clifford Odets since *Golden Boy* was presented before the war. The setting is a dentist's waiting-room during a New York heat-wave, and the development of the theme is punctuated by numerous excursions to the water cooler. Yolande Donlan is the dentist's new secretary whose youth and freshness are in strong contrast to the nagging wife, who cannot restrain her jealousy. Peter Cotes, whose reputation as a leading producer is further enhanced by *Rocket to the Moon*, has gathered a clever cast, four of whom were with the company which he recently took to the mining valleys of South Wales with a repertoire of serious plays

LOVE IN A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM: Ronald Simpson as Ben Stark, D.D.S., and his secretary, played by Yolande Donlan. The development of their romance provides the main story of the play

New Lamps and Old

LONDON DEFIED THE PLANNERS

Some Memories Relating to Its Straggling Development

By JOHN GORE

LONDON.—London has had a number of adjectives and nouns, flattering and otherwise, attached to it, from Johnson's to Cobbett's and onwards to this day. London still goes on. It has survived insults and bombs and accepted dewdrops and flattery without much changing its methods of evolution for better or worse. As with most great cities, approach to it by road or rail, since the industrial revolution began to get into its stride, has given the traveller an increasingly drab idea of its size and its baser aspects. It would be hard to suggest in any European capital an uglier notion of a great city's environs and sprawl than that revealed along the stretch of permanent way between Clapham Junction and Vauxhall, until one recalled Bethnal Green-Liverpool Street. Indeed, it may be said that the old Great Central's Marylebone approach was the only tolerable "way-in" for visitors to London by rail.

As for road approaches, that from the north *via* Hatfield and St. John's Wood remains perhaps the least objectionable. The Seven Sisters can have no admirers, the Portsmouth Road deteriorates dismally beyond Putney Bridge, the Bath Road runs into London across a nightmare landscape of tasteless vulgarity, scrap and squalor, and the Kent approaches can be guaranteed to disillusion the enthusiast.

Yet, as a nation, we are proud of our capital, and we always promise by constructive planning to do something to remove its worst features. Never more so than to-day. But, ever more, when a real chance or change of heart seems to have come, some economic or other difficulty arises to postpone the kind of *tackling* which Napoleon found time for in Paris; and London continues to mark time or to resume her hideous go-as-you-please sprawl.

A Century of "Progress."—I am no *laudator temporis acti* as regards London. There was a time in my youth when I liked it well enough; now I do not care for London life or even for a day visit. The discomforts of travel and the lack of amenities are too great.

In Restoration days it still possessed the attractions of a large country town, and the orchards and singing birds of Whitehall were praised by the poets; but the heart of London, from Temple Bar back to the Tower, was quite as noisy and congested and dangerous and dingy, and far more muddy, pot-holed and objectionable, than to-day.

Memories of what London was like in my own youth, in my father's, and in my grandfather's are still vivid with me, derived from personal experience or from conversations.

My grandfather first came from Ireland to London at the age of eighteen in the year 1829. Great changes had taken place in the capital since the new century began, and by 1829 much of what in late-Victorian days had come to be regarded as Central London was just beginning to "link up" with old St. James's, Piccadilly and Mayfair.

Let me elaborate. In the 1790's King's Cross Station was still a rustic village known as Battle Bridge. Marylebone was a straggling hamlet. Kensington and Chelsea were isolated by muddy lanes from the "Pillars of Hercules" at Hyde Park Corner. Holland House was every whit as much a country house as was Hatfield in 1900. Chesterfield House stood "on the edge of the town."

Belgravia was still the "five fields," carrying no building on its marshy land but the Lock Hospital and chapel, and a few shacks which had harboured Jerry Abershaw and other cutpurses. It held snipe and duck. The Westbourne stream flowed out of Hyde Park at Sloane Square. From Victoria to the river and Grosvenor Road were allotments, gardens, open fields. Park Lane was Tyburn Lane, *via dolorosa* of malefactors. There were cow-byres along the Oxford Road at Bayswater, and Paddington Green was not unlike Kew Green to-day. Hyde Park itself was as rural as Richmond Park and its entrance gates far more shoddy and untidy.

But when in '29 my grandfather came to take up his clerkship in the Pay Office at £80 a year, *our* London was beginning to grow together. Mr. Cubitt was planning Belgravia as a rival to Mayfair and probing for the gravel stratum under the five fields, promising to scrape off the clay to make his bricks. New road-surface technique was bringing Chelsea and Kensington to town, and much land was being built over between Chesterfield House and the northern approaches.

But twenty years later, when my grandfather had married and settled into his charming house (with home farm) on Wimbledon Common, he normally rode his horse every day to Whitehall, through green fields and market gardens all the way to Hyde Park Corner, and would stable his hack at the Golden Cross at Charing, a celebrated coaching inn of earlier days.

One single recollection of my father's will give an idea of the leisurely progress of development on the south side. In 1860 he was a Harrow boy. He was invited to play cricket at The Boltons. He and a friend drove down from Mayfair, but could not find the cricket ground. They interrogated a man hedging beside the road. He pointed to a haystack at the end of a large field. "It lies beyond that," he said. They crossed the field and put up a covey of young partridges.

The Losing Battle.—In 1893, when I was eight years old, my mother and I visited a new block of houses a-building on some market gardens opposite Holy Trinity, Brompton. It became known as Egerton Gardens and we acquired No. 46. I remember the posts and rails which still fronted the site while the foundations were being laid. In those days a summer treat for us children was an annual hay party at Roehampton House. We used to drive down in a hired Victoria through greenery and blossom, market gardens, allotments, even orchards.

We inherited the last years of my grandfather's long lease of the nameless old house on Wimbledon Common. We would live there in summer and autumn, and when I was at Oxford or reading for the Bar in the Inner Temple, I thought it worth while to keep a game register. I still have it, and I note that in 1904 I shot seven partridges, six pheasants, several pigeons and rabbits, and one wild duck on our few acres. The house still stands, 7 miles from Hyde Park Corner. It has lately been converted into five flats and the garden is a wilderness indeed. But I fancy the partridges may still breed there. Certainly I put up a covey in its fields as late as 1926.

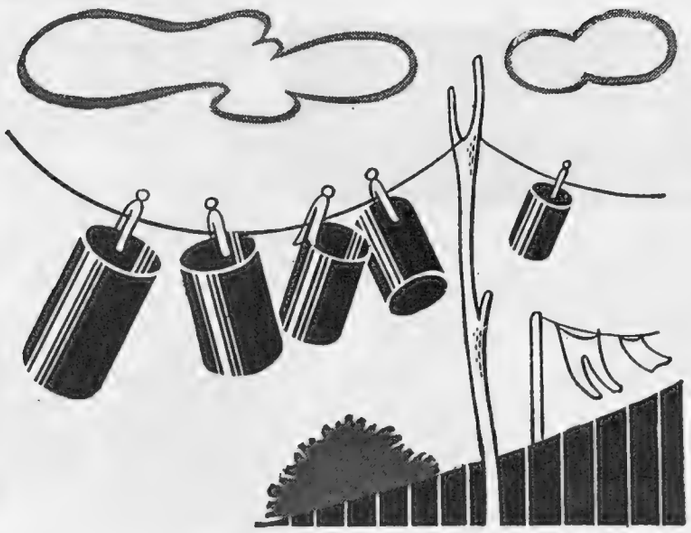
Nature is forever fighting a losing battle with Man, flowers against bricks, shrubs opposed to steel girders. And on the smallest opportunity Nature comes back. A bombed site, a pause in the development programme, brings back the colour and the smells of the countryside, loosestrife and poppies, purple, green and gold and red; thus does Nature politely hint to materially-minded humanity how greedy, shortsighted, vulgar and unimaginative are their efforts at building cities fit for men and women to live in; how all men kill the thing they love, how little they understand the value of sane development, how well they understand the price of shrewd development.

THE LONDON OF CANALETTO'S DAY—HOW THE VENETIAN ARTIST VIEWED WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN THE YEAR 1764: The celebrated painting shows the old precinctual character of Westminster, and there is now a movement on foot, sponsored by the "Architectural Review," to restore this character to this particular part of Central London. Models have been made in order to illustrate this scheme, and during recent weeks they have been on exhibition to the public in the Rotunda of the Tate Gallery. During the rest of April the models will be shown to M.P.s in the Library of the House of Commons. One of the ideas is to give Old Palace Yard the green lawns of a cathedral close. Another idea is to give Parliament Square a pedestrian quadrangle with a café under the plane trees, while Queen Anne's Gate could be restored to its former character as a small square. To bring about these changes the authors of the scheme suggest a number of elaborate traffic diversions round the Westminster area

To-day (or yesterday) Londoners acknowledged their crimes and vowed a change of heart. A new London was promised, a city of green and open spaces, of flowering shrubs, of long vistas and noble piazzas.

I wonder. Fifty years hence will London give evidence of that change of heart, that humble repentance?

Half a century, begun in austerity, is a short time in which to transform even the approaches, Clapham, Stratford, Fulham and the rest. A century will be all too short to repair the damage at the heart. A century and more of education will be needed to teach the public to cherish and preserve a place of beauty when they have it for common enjoyment.



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The fable of the lion who blinked

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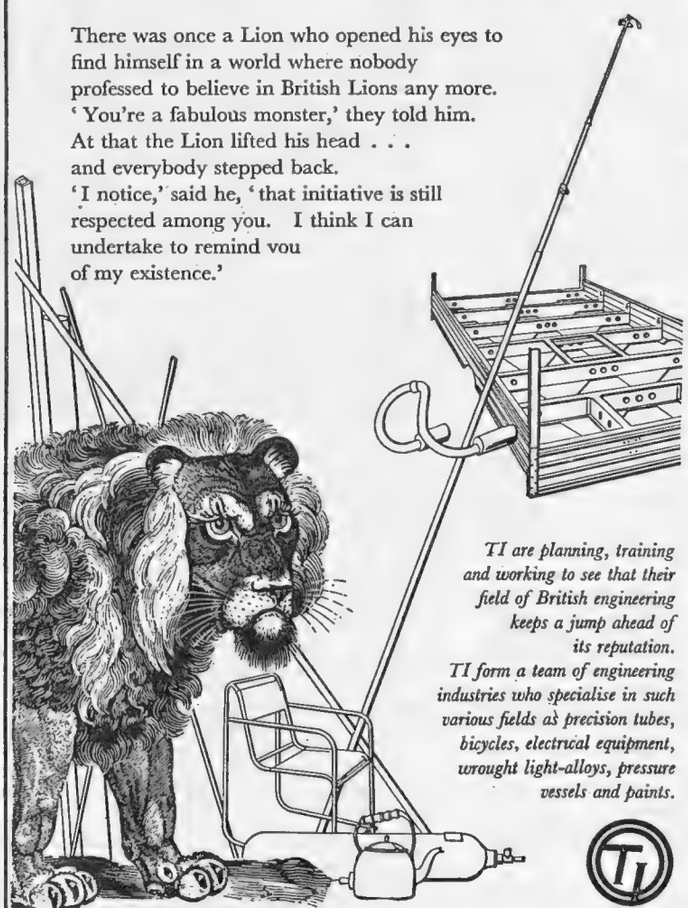

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"FIN DE SIÈCLE" has the BEARDSLEY TOUCH

A Thin and Elegant Little Volume is this Week's Most Inviting Book

THIS week's most attractive and most rewarding book is also one of its briefest: FIN DE SIÈCLE (Allan Wingate. 10s. 6d.). It is a thin and elegant little book, as thin and elegant as the Aubrey Beardsley ladies who decorate its wrapper, and it is "a selection of nineteenth-century literature and art," chosen by Mr. Nevile Wallis. Mr. Holbrook Jackson has contributed "A Note on the Period," and the "contributors" include Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, Kenneth Grahame and Whistler.

Besides the Beardsleys, there are several reproductions of portrait sketches by Sir William Rothenstein, notably an enchanting one of Ellen Terry, who looks such a darling in every picture or photograph that I have seen of her; a superb satirical sketch of Rejane, the great French actress, by Toulouse-Lautrec, and an impression by Sir William Nicholson of Queen Victoria with a Skye terrier.

Among the brief articles and excerpts, I would choose the late J. T. Grein's "A Barmaid"; part of a letter from the Dutch novelist Maarten Maartens describing how Yvette Guibert sang at the London Empire to a chattering and inattentive audience, and an appreciation, witty and perceptive, of George du Maurier's characters as created in his *Punch* drawings, this last by Arthur F. Wallis.

An enchanting book, however slight, and one that you will want to possess, rather than borrow. In any case, you can't borrow my copy!

LAURENCE STERNE—A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST (Aldor. 12s. 6d.) is a well-meaning but surely not a definitive biography of the eighteenth-century author of *Tristram Shandy*. Among other feats of wit and learning, it was Sterne who first introduced the word "sentimental" to the English language, though he coined it originally to define something different from its habitual usage to-day.

Mr. Thomas Yoseloff writes with compassion of Sterne's many vagaries, and with appreciation of his talent. In ending, he quotes Sterne's own words, as an epitaph: "Cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into . . ."

There are many ways of writing an historical novel, from the coyly salacious to the objectively exact, and in between these two extremes there is a variety of shades of treatment and manner. Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes chooses the simplicity of style that would not be amiss in a tale told to the children, and allies it to a solid regard for fact, and a nice feeling for period.

WITHIN THE HOLLOW CROWN (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.) is a story of the life of Richard II, Richard of Bordeaux, who has been called the most misunderstood King ever to reign from an English throne, and perhaps deserves that title with his others. Certainly Mrs. Barnes's is a kindly estimate of him which sheds a soft spring light on his early days, and particularly on his marriage to Anne of Bohemia. There are occasions when the deliberately quiet manner and the determined use of modern colloquialisms pall, and even irritate, but there is enough in the book to make up for that, and the portraits of the minor characters, such as kindly, gentle Geoffrey Chaucer—if he can ever be regarded as a minor character in any man's story—are really well done.

Those who remember Miss Edith Pargeter's important trilogy of novels about an English soldier from the days of Dunkirk to the final victory, will find something very different in this writer's new novel, BY FIRELIGHT (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). This is a story within a story, so to speak; the framework set in modern times and concerned with the life of an intelligent woman who has recently lost her husband, and has a successful career as a writer.

As a widow, she decides to move from town to country, and there takes an old house in a remote village, where she gradually becomes aware of happenings three-and-a-half centuries before her own time, or ours. She writes of these, and of the treachery and the witch-hunts that were part of that past, and she writes of it in the manner of the past.

For a *pastiche*, this is a very talented example. For a novel, it lacks coherence.

Mr. Boris Todrin is a new master of the Purple Patch, as applied to fiction. His novel PARADISE WALK (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.) races along with a fine, full-blooded quality that must owe a great deal to the youth of its author, but it also stumbles from time to time when the pace gets unexpectedly fast. Several times I was tempted to put it down in exasperation, but I must admit that in the end I read on, simply to find out how the three very trying creatures in the story composed their differences.

BROTHER DEATH (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is about as different as a book can be, and, although it deals with physical violence of the most extreme nature, it is written with an amazing restraint and economy of words. It could be said, in fact, that Mr. John Lodwick achieves his effects most surely by a kind of shock tactics, by phrasing with a brutal simplicity some act or gesture of cruelty or cynicism. He is not a writer to use two words where one will do.

Mr. Lodwick's writing is admirably concise, and his human monsters behave rationally and even talk wittily for all but that essential one-tenth part of their lives. In other words, he can write, and although his present book is not to be recommended to insomniacs, or those of a nervous disposition, it has suspense and a construction that leads inevitably up to a climax as startling as anything that has gone before it.

THE UNSPOILT BEAUTY OF A HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE: The old pump on the green at Westmill. It lies in north Hertfordshire and can lay claim to being one of the least-spoiled of English villages. Situated just off the old Roman highway, Ermine Street, the main road from Ware to Buntingford, the tiny village has no signposts, advertisements, telegraph-poles or power-cables to mar its charm, and it retains its serene atmosphere

There is death and deception again in Patricia Wentworth's new mystery story, though this time in a calmer tempo. How very well, nevertheless, this writer handles situations and character, and how deft she is with the incriminating—but unobserved—clue, and the breath of suspicion that blows up into a gale by the last chapter. I find her work admirable of its kind, and THE TRAVELLER RETURNS (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) a first-rate example of it.

The theme is the reappearance in wartime England of a woman whom her husband and her friends had thought dead in France more than three years before. She looks like Lady Jocelyn, she talks with her voice, she knows her way about her house, and a thousand intimate details of her relations' lives; nevertheless, her husband at first denies her completely, though he later, and coldly, accepts her. It is the lady herself, in fact, who is the mystery and very well she and her author guard their secret until the psychologically right moment.

ALL HEAVEN AND HELL (Andrew Melrose. 9s. 6d.) is not exactly what it sounds like, but a moderately competent and dramatic romance about a beautiful blind girl and her handsome but slightly suspect husband. The opening scene is probably the best in the book, and has a kind of Grand Guignol quality which would translate well to the stage or the screen.

The blind girl is sent on an errand by her aunt, goes into the wrong house, pushes open an inner door, and hears a murder apparently being committed in the same room. She hears, and remembers, voices and then she is roughly pushed outside by a man who has only four fingers on one of his hands. That is the only real clue, but in the end it helps to solve the case. Miss Elizabeth Peterson makes the most of the possibilities of the situation, and plays the romantic theme with the loud pedal pressed well down.

A MAN WHO LIVED TO 170

A Remarkable Figure in the History of Richmond

The office of Town Clerk provides no passport to authorship, although many a Town Clerk has tried his prentice hand at retailing the history of his borough. Often the results are dry as dust, and the deeper the author has delved into the municipal archives the more bogged-down has he become in uninspired fact. Not so Mr. David Brooks. Here is a sprightly historian, with a flair for retrieving from the past its life, its colour and its gaiety, and in THE STORY OF RICHMOND, IN YORKSHIRE (Jamson and Co., the Dundas Press, Richmond. 12s. 6d.) he traces the history of this ancient market town upon the Swale, presenting his facts in graceful, flowing prose, and in the manner of a skilful producer he intersperses a wealth of anecdote among the sterner details. Many will marvel at the story of Henry Jenkins. He was born four miles from Richmond in the year 1500, and died 170 years later. He was in his time butler, beggar, poacher, fisherman and odd-job man, and was a robust swimmer when well past his century. At 105 it is recorded that he fell in love again. All through his long life Jenkins nursed a little grudge. It appears that as a boy he took a load of arrows to Northallerton for the army travelling north to fight the Scots at Flodden, but on arrival they would not let him go forward to the bowmen, sending "a bigger boy" in his place. Old Jenkins never quite forgot his youthful resentment. When he died on December 9, 1670, his life had spanned almost the whole of the Tudor and Stuart periods. Mr. Brooks closes his lively history of Richmond with a peep at its Court a century ago, and he tells us about some of the unusual offices then in gift of the Court, from that of Cleaner of the Water Gates, who earned a princely four guineas a year, to that of Cleaner of the Armour and Cleaner of the Chandeliers, who had to be content with a few shillings. The book is illustrated with wood engravings by E. M. Gray, but, such is the wealth of Richmond's history in stone, that the inclusion of photographs of the old town would have been an added attraction—although the woodcuts have quite a charm of their own.

Is full employment possible by any other means than Socialist-planned production? Professor Victor Morgan, Professor of Economics in Swansea University, thinks that it is, and in THE CONQUEST OF UNEMPLOYMENT (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.) sets out to expound in simple language the theories put forward a dozen years ago by the late Lord Keynes. One of these theories is the application of stimulants to John Bull every time he shows signs of economic exhaustion, extra spending power being put into the hands of the consumer to create in turn increased demand. If the first remedies are too little or too late the depression can only be counteracted, it is suggested, by a big bout of public works spending. Some of this theorising is suspiciously like Roosevelt's New Deal. It is well set down, however.

ANIMALS OF THE U.S.S.R. (Heinemann. 21s.) is the work of Dr. Vevers, of the London Zoo, and Erna Pinner provides the illustrations. The book gives a good idea of the great diversity of creatures in the 8,500,000 square miles of the Soviet Union, and the treatment is neither exhaustive nor exhausting, as it well might be. Erna Pinner's meticulously exact drawings are reproduced effectively by lithographic offset.

The Faber Gallery is an admirable art series, and it is intended eventually to cover all schools. The two latest publications (Faber and Faber. 6s.) are strangely ill-assorted, dealing as they do with Paul Klee, whom some of us find it hard to take seriously, and Chardin, that master of genre painting and still-life whose work achieved an unsurpassed serenity. Herbert Read tells us that Klee is now recognised as one of the great masters of modern painting. Those who examine Klee's water-colour "The Mount of the Sacred Cat" and consider it as other than a childish scrawl have obviously some inside information. At any rate, many will find it a relief to turn to Chardin.

"Old bulldogs are noticeably febriferous, effluvial, noctivagrous, bigamous and pinguescent. So are young bulldogs." In OUR DOGS (Sampson Low. 6s.) Maurice Lane Norcott serves up this sort of Learesque nonsense with obvious enjoyment, and he guarantees to tell the reader "everything he does not want to know about his dog."

INTRODUCING SQUASH (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) by D. G. Butcher, is a treatise on a game now rapidly advancing in popularity. The author was the British Open champion from 1930-32 and has since been Professional champion.

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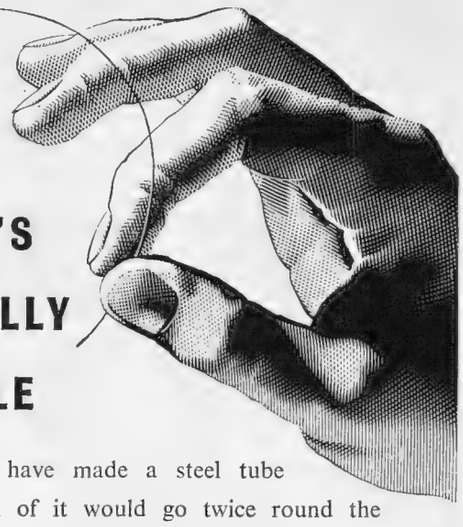

THIS EXPORT'S PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE

Accles & Pollock have made a steel tube so fine that a ton of it would go twice round the world. In consideration of the trouble this would cause to international shipping and school-boys' arithmetic, Accles & Pollock have decided to concentrate on hypodermic needle tubing instead. This is not quite so small as the other tubing, but its extreme precision and its British dependability bring in a lot of hard currency from hard-headed business men all over the world.

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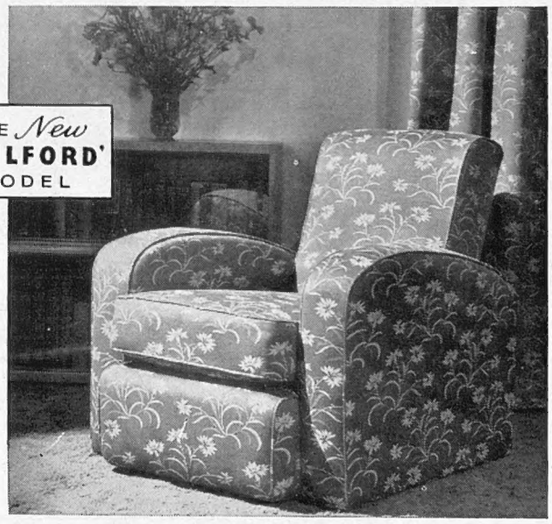

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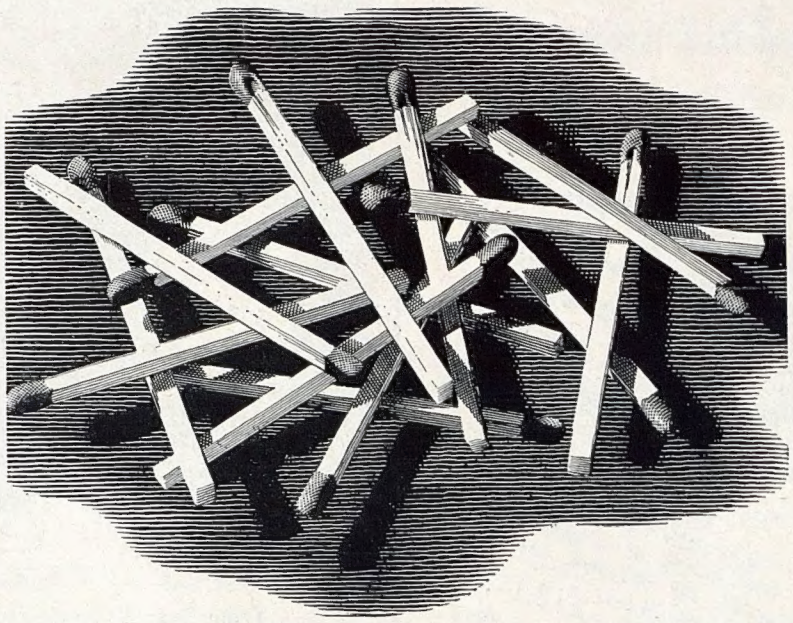

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